GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN ON THE MAKING OF PEACE

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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CARL BECKER ("How New Will the Better World Be") pricks some unwholesome bubbles. (See page 8)

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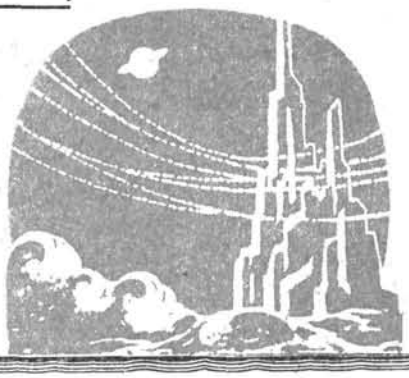

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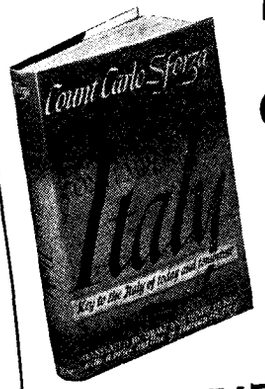

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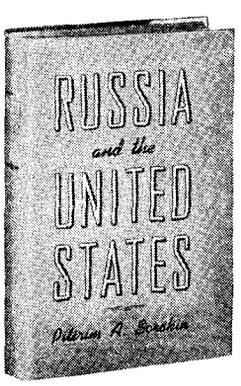

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If We Want To Keep the War Won

The Dean of English Historians Suggests a Program for Positive Peace

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article was published thirty years ago—in the December, 1914 issue of *McClure's Magazine*. It is reprinted here (somewhat shortened) not only because of the timeliness and pertinency of the author's observations and analyses today, but because it suggested a policy or program for Europe which, as is now obvious, was the diametric opposite in many respects of what actually followed. George Macaulay Trevelyan is dean of English historians, author of a now-classic three-volume work on the Garibaldi period in Italian history, a standard work on the history of England, and a number of other historical and biographical studies. The title to this article is our own; when it appeared originally it was titled, "When the War Is Over."

I HAVE been asked by the editor to write for the American public about the probable effects of the war; and in particular to discuss what kind of settlement at the end of the war would be most likely to put a limit to militarism and armaments, and best insure permanent peace.

Before I begin, I must make certain points clear, in order that the reader may discount my views and excuse my aberrations.

First, I am not an eclectic, cosmopolitan philosopher, but an Englishman who loves his country and thinks her, with all her faults, the best country in the world. I am also a radical and a pacifist. But I became convinced that England had no alternative but to fight, when the German Chancellor tore up what he scornfully called "a scrap of paper."

I am setting down, not what I think will certainly happen, but only what I *hope* will happen. Again, what I *hope* will happen is not the same thing as what I should *like* to happen, because what I should like is impossible. (I should like the war to stop at once, on the basis of free parliamentary government for each of the numerous races of Europe, and all armies and navies to be abolished by mutual consent.) But there is no use suggesting that the moon be turned into cream-cheese. We are dealing with the evil passions of millions of oppressed, ignorant, and misled men and women of all classes and races of Europe, and with the diplomats, soldiers, journalists, and professors who have deceived them and set them on to slay one another. I am not, therefore, proposing ideal settlements, but only trying to indicate the best solution that it is at all reasonable to hope for as the outcome of the present doomsday and devil's triumph over the common sense and common interests of mankind.

Lastly, I am only going to suggest what I think ought to be done, and what conceivably may be done in case of victory. For if Germany wins there is no use writing articles about it. Militarism as a system will then be riveted on Europe, whatever we may suggest in American reviews. The great military caste of Prussia will impose its triumphant ideals more firmly than ever on the hearts of the German people by patriotic enthusiam for the victory, and on the other countries of western Europe by necessity and force.

England, if she survives an unsuccessful war, will thenceforth have to abandon her free civilian "culture," which has hitherto disinterestedly pursued the real aims of life, literature, and science. She will have to debase herself to the level of a panic-stricken militarist state, bled white by the war, and crushed to poverty by the cost of armaments after the war, and preoccupied in all branches of life by dread of the coming blow which German science will be preparing against her in the harbors of Kiel and Antwerp. Parliamentary government as we know it in England, France, and Belgium, and as Germany has never known it, will be everywhere despised and rejected as a system that has been tried in the fire of war and found wanting, and as a method of politics proved incompatible with the safety of a state. All the countries of the Old World will hasten to imitate the triumphant political and ethical system of Potsdam. And the small nations of Europe will every one of them be at the mercy of a power that has officially announced that treaties guaranteeing small states are of no account at all when the interests of great states are concerned. As an Englishman, as a pacifist, and as a democrat, I think we had better go on till we are destroyed in the fight, rather than sign a treaty ushering in that state of affairs. So I will say no more about it here. "It is not to be thought of." I want here to discuss what might follow as a result of the defeat of the German powers, not because that defeat is yet to be regarded as certain, but because it is the only chance for peace and liberty in Europe.

"Dawn in 1914," from the etching by C. R. W. Nevinson, a British artist.

Some of my countrymen with whom I otherwise agree, regard "getting to Berlin" as the one necessary and in itself sufficient end of the war. But I do not think there is any special magic in getting to Berlin. What is essential is that the Germans should be beaten enough to sicken them of war and militarism, and enough to compel them to accept certain terms. We seek not revenge, but victory and a lasting settlement.

We must always remember that, although the Germans are wrong, they think that they are right. Germans can not conceive why the Belgians should object to their making Belgium a German place of arms. They can not conceive why Poles, Rumanians, and South Slavs want to be free and self-governing instead of enjoying the blessings of superior German culture, administered by officials from Berlin and Vienna. Above all, they cannot conceive why the English should object to their invading Belgium and burning Louvain. They think our indignation is a cloak for our desire to seize their trade and colonies. Such

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are the limits of German imagination.

The English have a trifle more imagination, but they also find it hard at present to imagine what is in fact this truth—that the German people are not wicked, but only stupid on public questions and systematically miseducated for years past by the whole machinery of state education in the hands of such teachers as Treitschke, and by the school of military writers from Clausewitz to Bernhardi.

The German people will, I fear, continue to think after the war, as it does now, that it was in the right. It is therefore extremely unlikely that, as some sanguine people appear to expect, the Hohenzollern dynasty will be in any danger from an infuriated and disillusioned populace in case of unsuccessful war. It is not in the German blood or tradition to rebel. Once only did they try to revolt against their rulers—in 1848; and it came to less than nothing.

But we may be permitted to hope that if the Germans are beaten they will have considerable misgivings about the militarist system, and will before long (provided no one else interferes with their internal affairs) replace it by a parliamentary system of government. Indeed, if Europe can by mutual treaty arrange for any considerable measure of international disarmament, the militarist system on which personal rule rests in Germany must *ipso facto* decline.

The German people have been taught by their state instructors and professors to regard war as a normal incident of national life, and as the natural and proper way of increasing the greatness of a state. And they have been taught to regard the welfare of the people as nothing compared to the greatness of the state. In a less degree the inhabitants of other countries suffer from the same misconceptions, but the Germans more than the French or English. This frame of mind will take a lot of changing. Nothing can change it but the colossal miseries and losses of war. If, at the end of the war, the survivors are few and poverty-stricken, they may feel antagonistic to war, and to the system of alliances and armaments that led to it.

I AM not over-anxious to see peace patched up at once, on the basis of the *status quo*. To be better, we must be worse. To learn peace, Europe must suffer. If we agree to stop fighting now, merely in order to go on building ships and piling up armies once more, we shall be the worst sort of fools. And it is to be hoped that hereafter, in place of division into two armed camps, the Powers of Europe will be mutual guarantors of one another's integrity and of the integrity of the smaller nations. It has been suggested that the Powers should be bound to attack any one of their number who invades the territory of another Power for any cause, without having first placed the subject under dispute before the arbitration of the United States. I believe that a readiness to arbitrate in future may be produced by the appalling disaster of this war, provided that no one of the states of Europe is any longer a tyranny exercised by force over other races.

The tragedy of Europe is that it was not in 1848 divided up into states

Auguste Rodin's portrait-bust of George Clemenceau.

corresponding to racial or national aspirations. If things had gone better in the nineteenth century we might have had all our nationalist civilizations established peacefully side by side—as we may yet if we use the present opportunity wisely. In the middle of the nineteenth century it seems as if the dynastic was about to yield to the nationalist principle, coupled with free parliamentary government. The movement of the age of Cavour, Kossuth, and Gladstone was all for freedom and the recognition of racial rights.

Germany also was united on a national basis; but there the healing process stopped. Poland was left divided and enslaved. The South Slavs and the Rumanians and the Italians of the Trentino were left under the Austrian and Magyar. Indeed, the clock was in some places put back. The Danes of Schleswig and the French of Alsace-Lorraine were placed under the heels of Prussia. The war of 1870, though it did well in uniting Germany, did ill in putting a stop to any further liberationist movements on the nationalist principle. Napoleon III, who fell in 1870, had freed Italy and had aspired to free Poland. Prussia's interest, on the other hand, was to keep Poland divided and enslaved. Napoleon III had paid at least lip homage to the wishes of the inhabitants of a country by his favorite device of the plebiscite, on which he insisted even when he annexed Savoy and Nice. Prussia never consulted Alsace-Lorraine or Schleswig by plebiscite. She was entirely indifferent to the wishes of the inhabitants as to their own fate. She thought then, and she thinks still more today, that no race has rights except the Teutonic, and that the governed have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.

THE Prussian idea triumphed so completely in 1870 that its philosophy dominated the Europe of the next generation. The English "imperialism" of ten years ago, that denied the rights of Boers and Irish, was a faint English imitation of the Bismarck principle. Everywhere throughout Europe we were told that the day of small nationalities was over, that freedom was nothing, that "efficiency" was everything. And the consequence is the present war.

England at least repented in time. In 1906 she went back to her old creed of liberty; and by granting Home Rule to Boers and Irish, and a considerable measure of native control to India, she has put the Empire into a position in which the present crisis can be faced. In our own English way, much despised at Potsdom, we have prepared for this war. We are going to show the world that "strength upholds the free."

But, if we are to have permanent peace and disarmament after the war, the same principles of liberty must be applied to Europe as a whole. The oppressed nationalities must have freedom. Each of them must have freedom in one form or another, either being erected into a separate state, or granted Home Rule, or attached to the big state to which it is racially akin.

The Poles must have self-government and racial self-expression. It is at present promised to them as a reward for loyalty in the war by the robbers who partitioned Poland. It is for Russia's liberal allies, England and France, and for the umpire of the peace negotiations, to use all their influence to obtain the fulfillment of these promises by Russia if she emerges victorious. If—as is not impossible—the Czar, by military success in the war, unites all the Polish provinces under his scepter, he will have the opportunity of restoring Polish unity and freedom together, after a hundred years of division and slavery.

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If he gives the Poles unity without freedom, he will lose the opportunity of solving one of the greatest questions in the world, and he will sow the seeds of another European war. If he fulfills his promise and gives Home Rule to a reunited Poland, it is all the Poles ask. They have in the last generation abandoned the idea of an independent Poland.

A POLAND wholly independent, standing as a buffer state between Germany and Russia, would no doubt have been preferable. But the time for it has gone by, as the Poles themselves admit. That buffer state, which formerly protected "German culture" from the "Slav barbarism" of which the Germans are always talking, was deliberately destroyed more than a hundred years ago—by whom? By wicked England? No; by Prussia herself, in league with Russia! England loudly and vainly protested against the partition of Poland, the act that brought the boundaries of "Russian barbarism" up to the frontier of "German culture." The Germans have only themselves to thank for that. And not only have they themselves destroyed Poland as a buffer state out of sheer dynastic greed, but they have in the last generation so cruelly persecuted the Poles of Prussian Poland that these look even to the Czar as a deliverer. The Germans in the twentieth century are carrying on in Poland a land policy analogous to England's land policy in the Ireland of Cromwell. They are putting the clock back and adopting methods long ago discarded in the "uncultured" countries of western Europe. In fact, the best chance for Polish unity and liberty is under Russia. Infamous as the Russian government policy has been toward Poland, it has not that systematized and immutable rigor that characterizes the Prussian dealings with all people who are so unfortunate as not to be "Teutons."

The Russians, after all, are Slavs, akin to the Poles. The "pan-Slav" enthusiasm for the present "Holy War" which has suddenly united all parties —Revolutionary, Liberal, and Governmental—in Russia, creates there a psychological atmosphere most favorable to the claims of the Polish Slavs, who, for their part, are warmly supporting Russia in the war.

There is no doubt that, in the normal course of national psychology, a war of liberation, if successful, is followed by liberal changes at home. That, at any rate, is what the Russian Liberals and Revolutionaries are now counting upon. I have always been on their side, in old days as treasurer of a Society for the Relief of Political Exiles in Siberia. I am on their side today; and therefore, for their sake, I wish the Russian armies success.

There is another hopeful aspect of this question. It is German, notably Prussian, influence that has made for reaction in Russia. The policy of Berlin has always been to keep the Czar at loggerheads with the Russian people, and particularly with the Polish people. German influence has been very great, and officials of German origin have been most powerful in the Russian court, and their influence has been wholly reactionary. That is why Russian liberals welcomed the English *entente* as a make-weight against German reaction. For the partition of Poland had for a hundred years bound together the courts of Russia and Prussia in an unholy friendship. Now that the Powers who partitioned Poland and held her bound are at war with each other, there is at last a chance for their victim. Now that the Russian court has quarreled with the Germans and appealed to the Russian nation against them, there is a chance for liberty.

It will be for England and France, and for the umpire at the peace, to urge the Czar to give Home Rule to Finland and Poland, however much or however little he has enlarged his own Polish territory at the expense of Prussia and Austria. If he makes his Polish and Finnish subjects contented, as he can very easily do, Germany and Austria will be in no hurry to attack him again, and the era of peace and disarmament will be to that extent secured.

If Prussia is now beaten, the plebiscite ought to be revived, or else some more effective method must be devised of consulting people as to their own fate. We do not want another division of Europe by dynastic force as in 1815. But we shall certainly get it if Germany wins; and we must be careful to avoid it if we win. It is unjust, and it would lead to more armaments and more war. We want to consult the people of Alsace-Lorraine, of Schleswig, of Poland, and of the various provinces of Austria-Hungary as to their own fate. If Schleswig wants to be Danish, let it go to Denmark; if it wants to be German, let it stay with Germany.

The Germans say that we want to "dismember Germany." Not at all. Of the real Germany inhabited by Germans let no province be touched. But of the sham Germany of non-German races cowering under military rule, let us make an end. Let us have freedom for each of the races and provinces of Europe. Then, and then only, shall we have disarmament and peace.

These are the principles on which we want to see the great World Treaty drawn up at the end of the war—the twin principles of peace and liberty, which will thenceforth secure one another. The German ideal which will be dictated to the world if she draws up the Treaty is the exact opposite of this. Take it in the words of Treitschke, the acknowledged prophet and hierarch of modern German culture: just as the greatness of Germany is to be found in the governance of Germany by Prussia, so the greatness and good of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind —in a word, of the German character.

That is the issue now come to blows. Belgian, French, Slav, Englishman, we are all very different from one another, but we are united in this cause because each of us wants to be

Sir Bernard Partridge, in *Punch* (May, 1919), caricatures "The Big Four"—Lloyd George, André Tardieu (substituting for Clemenceau), Orlando, and Woodrow Wilson.

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allowed to be himself, and does not want to be turned into a German or a helot of Germany. We will not have "the predominance in the world of German culture, of the German mind —in a word, of the German character."

It is not merely that we profoundly dislike "German culture, the German mind, and the German character" since we have seen it at work in Belgium and France in this war, but we do not want any "predominance" at all, either British, French, or Slav. Our idea is a peaceful community of races and states, bound together by mutual respect and friendship, and not by the "predominance" of any one state over the others. We have less fear of Russian predominance, because the Russian character has not that intensity of scientific purpose that we find in the German, and because the Russian power lies far away to the east, while the German despotism is in mid-Europe, loudly proclaiming its intention to "dominate" all the most civilized countries of the Old World—France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Italy, Britain—who lie around her geographically, and will all be at her mercy if the power of France is broken, and Germany becomes "predominant." We want a peace treaty that will enable us all to sleep at night.

Meanwhile, it is the difficult task of the Allies to strike down in war the terrible armed power of this great nation, imbued with theories that despise liberty as weakness and peace as decadence. Never was a people so prepared for war; to that preparation they have sacrificed the soul of their "culture," which they think of now in material terms. So little do they know of the spirit of civilization that they think they can impose it upon the world by the sword! Even so the Mohammedans propagated religion by the sword, and the French Jacobins, liberty, with the result that religion and liberty died in their hands. So is it with "culture" in the hands of the Germans.

We who have been living life as a thing good in itself, and pursuing social reform, politics, literature, history, science, and art disinterestedly and for their own sakes hoping that the age of war was over—we are suddenly thrown against our will into a contest with this race that has been planning everything else with an eye to war. We are taken at some disadvantage at the outset; but we believe that liberty in the end is stronger than blind obedience, that the state which respects others is more likely to survive than the scientific egotist, that peace in the end is stronger than war. The event will show.

The War for Interdependence

HOW NEW WILL THE BETTER WORLD BE? By Carl Becker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SIR NORMAN ANGELL

IN the Niagara of books about the war and the post-war world, Professor Carl Becker's deserves to receive a good many stars. It should appear well towards the top of any short list of required reading. It is not a long book, nor a heavy one, yet it goes far to answer eight big questions, which the author has chosen as chapter headings. They are: (1) What is wrong with the world we have? (2) Can we return to normalcy? (3) Can we abate nationalism and curb the sovereign state? (4) Can we abolish power politics and end imperialism? (5) What are we fighting for? (6) What kind of collectivism do we want? (7) What kind of international political order can we have? (8) What kind of international economic order can we have?

In answering these questions, Professor Becker goes back to first things and puts them first. The first things, of course, include the meaning of the words we use: "power politics," *"status quo,"* "imperialism," "colonialism," "appeasement," "reactionary." The book constitutes an enlargement of two articles which appeared in *The Yale Review,* one entitled "Making Democracy Safe in the World," and a second, "How New Will the Better World Be?"—the title of the present book.

It is curious that the author seems to do a little less than justice to himself in his own preface. He notes that many people are saying that what we have to do to make a new and better world, is to "abate nationalism, curb the sovereign state, abandon power politics, and end imperialism." If that is the case, Professor Becker suggests, "we have an impossible job on our hands." It is true, he says, that if something better than the inept pre-war policies and practices is not devised after the war, we shall be in for a very bad time indeed, but adds "it is quite futile to discuss post-war reconstruction on the assumption that the sentiment of nationalism will be any less strong than it has been, or that nations will cherish their sovereign independence any less than they have, or be any less disposed to defend and promote their real or supposed national interests, or be less concerned with a balance of power that is advantageous to them." These complex forces, he insists, are the political realities of our time and "they cannot be got rid of by wishing or good resolutions or treaties solemnly subscribed to."

These prefatory remarks create an impression of pessimistic fatalism about the forces at work in the world which the succeeding pages hardly justify. If ever it were wise to observe the Greek maxim that "the essence of truth is degree," it is wise to observe it in the discussion of the subjects indicated in Professor Becker's preface. What precisely does it mean to say that nations will not cherish their sovereign independence any less than they have done in the past? Does it mean that the American isolationist will be as obdurate as ever in refusing to enter into any sort of agreement or arrangement, or coöperation for mutual defense with foreign states? Certainly Professor Becker does not mean this, as his pages show. And yet any bargain, any agreement, any partnership, means limiting the independence of those who are party to such partnerships or arrangements. It is unsafe to state the case in terms of absolutes of that kind, and on the whole in his pages Professor Becker avoids that danger.

The greatest service of the book, perhaps, will be to prick the unwholesome bubbles blown almost daily among those progressives or liberals who seem to suggest that the world can be reconstructed for the better by the simple process of "abandoning power politics and ending imperialism." All politics are, of course, power politics. The organization of society begins with the organization of power—the use of the powers of the community in one form or another, by a police system or otherwise, to defend its members from violence or destruction. "Imperialism" may well be at times an indispensable

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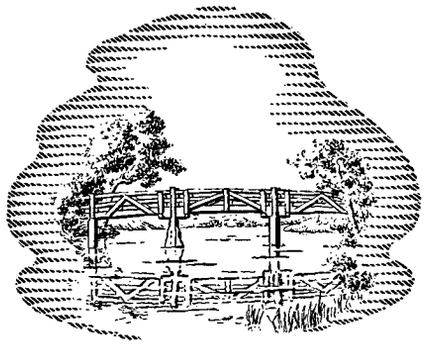
use of such organized powers if social or political disintegration is to be prevented. When liberals refer vaguely to "the noble principle of self-determination" and then go on to appeal to the example of Lincoln as the prototype of the democracy they desire to see established throughout the world, they are apt to overlook the fact that Lincoln denied the principle of self-determination when it was invoked by the Confederacy, because he knew that democracy in the Western Hemisphere would be placed in mortal danger if the Union were not maintained, if disintegration, "balkanization," began to operate as between the states of the Union. He therefore used power, force, coercion, in the shape of one of the bloodiest wars of history, to prevent a people from achieving an independence and sovereignty which they ardently desired. And history has justified Lincoln. Professor Becker does not happen to recall this fact, but he reminds the reader more than once that it is lucky for the world that, for instance, the British Empire did exist in 1940. Hitler would have won the war and dominated the world but for that much condemned institution. If the Allies are now in a position, he says, to defeat Germany and Japan, "it is because, after the collapse of France, the British Empire as now constituted, was there with its solid power to carry on for twelve months single-handed a tenacious and successful resistance, without which Hitler would long since have won the war." This is indeed a very wholesome reminder to certain cocksure anti-imperialists.

INDEED, one of the virtues of the book is to remind us of facts which some critics, perhaps Leftist ones more than others, persistently ignore. Again and again in politics a given course is chosen with the full knowledge that it may involve evils and injustices, not from indifference to those evils, but because the alternative would involve still more. Professor Becker recognizes that evils have marked British imperialism. But if the alternative is simple liquidation, as so many reformers seem to suggest, if some predecessor of Mr. Churchill *had* been prepared to liquidate the British Empire, the condition of the world today would have been very desperate indeed. Few things are commoner in liberal writing than to disparage the imperialism of the nineteenth century; to indulge in contemptuous references to "Kiplingism." But the fact is that the century between the defeat of Napoleon and the outbreak of the First World War, which saw the heyday of British power, with Britain supreme on all the seven seas, was precisely the century in which the world made greater strides towards



democracy and political freedom than in any other hundred years since the fall of the Roman Empire. It was not in a period when Britain's imperial power was expanding that the world had to face the Hitlers and the Mussolinis and Hirohitos. Dealing with a remark of a columnist who "would not lift a finger to save the British Empire," Professor Becker notes:

> If the political freedom which the British Empire guarantees and has long guaranteed in a large part of the world is to be preserved, if India is not to lose her present good prospect of obtaining a similar freedom and security, one essential thing for us to do now is to lift all our fingers to save the British Empire however constituted. How it may be constituted after the war is over we may well leave to the British and the people concerned, since we will undoubtedly, and rightly, expect them to leave to us the sufficiently difficult task of setting our own house in order.

This present reviewer recently had occasion in London to listen to the luncheon conversation of a number of British Leftists. The conversation prompted him to ask the table as a whole this question: "Has this damned country—damned by you, that is, so plentifully during this luncheon—ever done anything right at all?" And the answers seemed to add up to the verdict that Britain and its empire and its present government had never been anything more than an evil influence in the world.

Such gatherings have their counterpart on this side, pronouncing similar verdicts about America. "I have heard in conversation and read in print," Professor Becker writes, "that if the war does no more than to preserve the *status quo,* it will have been fought in vain." Yet Professor Becker makes the perfectly sound point that this disparaged American *status quo* has been the hope of the world; that the refugees who have been coming to America for three hundred years, and such victims of the Hitler terror as have lately managed to come, did not stipulate for a better America before they consented to ask refuge here. Indeed, there was no *"status quo"* in either America or Britain before the war, since the *status* was being changed by New Deals or Beveridge Plans of one kind or another. (The *"status"* was much more fixed in the international than in the domestic field.) No sound guidance can be secured by judging upon the basis of half the facts. There are things which need to be changed, but there are other things which just as urgently need to be kept. Professor Becker quotes a *New York Times* columnist thus:

> Do we seriously mean that America of the 12,000,000 unemployed ten years ago is the hope of the world? Yes.
>
> America of the Economic Royalists and utility pirates the hope of the world? Yes.
>
> America of the Ku Klux fanatics, of the Negro lynchings, of the Dillingers and the corrupt politicians—this America the hope of the world? Yes.
>
> One need not take America's word for it. Ask the people of Britain, Russia, China and the conquered and martyred nations of Europe what they think of the American record.

This is true, and we cannot judge experience and make experience the guide for the future, unless we take this part of the past, as well as the evils, fully into account. Professor Becker says that he once asked a Greek, the proprietor of a candy store and ice-cream shop, who had been in the United States for about five years, how he liked it over here. The Greek answered thus:

> I like it fine. I am a Greek Jew. So what? No one asks me am I a Greek Jew. I pay the rent on time? Yes. So I am okay. My candy and ice cream is good, high class. So the boys and girls should worry I am a Greek Jew. I am here as good as the next one. The children, they go to school. There is nothing to pay. They read and speak American better than me. Already I am not understanding the words they use. Already they are not Greeks any more, but Americans. In America is better chance for all poor people like me.

The general impression one would get from more than a few columnists and commentators is that the picture drawn by the Greek Jew is a false picture. But it is a truer picture than the very different one drawn by so many dogmatic critics.

It is surely our business, whatever else of the *"status quo"* may be changed, to preserve those features or forces which have helped to produce the most vital, most prosperous, and on the whole the freest society anywhere in the world: the American. In our planning for the future, it is not merely silly to disregard the obvious facts of experience; it is enormously dangerous.

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Mr. Adler on War and Peace

HOW TO THINK ABOUT WAR AND PEACE. By Mortimer J. Adler. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

WE have a favorable report to make on this book, but it is going to be no easy job to persuade you it is worth your time. For if ever a book seemed deliberately calculated in advance to rub a reader the wrong way, this is it. The title is such a masterpiece of repulsion, such an uncomfortable specimen of arrogance and poor taste that it is almost impossible to believe that any book representing such poor judgment in this respect could reasonably be expected to exhibit better judgment in the burden of the book itself—especially with a book dealing with nothing less than the most universally complex problems of all time, exclusive, of course, of the mystery of life itself.

We suppose that the success of Mr. Adler's "How to Read a Book" created something of a commercial groove for the author in titles such as these and there was a natural disposition to ride along with a ready-made market. We suppose, too, that there was also a disposition to take the curse off a scholarly book and its inevitably limited appeal by dressing it up for popular presentation. On the other hand, you can't write off the title as nothing more than enterprising merchandising, for Mr. Adler officially endorses his own halo in stating that the title is accurate and that "it is a book of ideas to think with."

There are yet other irritations, all related to this inexplicable and grating lack of proportion. There is no reason, for example, for assuming, as Mr. Fadiman does in an otherwise admirable and pithy introduction, that everything else in the field covered by this book is either boring or confusing. For good as this book may be, it is not *the* book, not by a row of Sundays. Its conclusions and findings have been anticipated by at least half a dozen or more writers in the last few years and frequently in a more persuasive and illuminating way.

We take this much space to discuss the claims made for this book not only because they are strongly objectionable in themselves but because they only serve to injure the book itself by antagonizing readers so sharply that Mr. Adler has to climb uphill for much of his argument before his ideas and the reader's reactions meet on level ground. That is why we are anxious to have you meet him on level ground at the start. For considered entirely apart from its foliage of elaborate assumption, this is a work of genuine merit. It takes nothing away from Mr. Adler to say that he has given us less of a book of ideas to think with than a testing machine on which to try the tensile strength and general validity of our own convic-

tions. This machine will help to tell you whether you are too pessimistic or too optimistic, or both; it will probe your ideas for their component parts, what part is principle, what part prejudice, what part superstition, what part pure guesswork. It will give you tests in history, tests in philosophy, tests in logic. As such, it should help to limber up the cerebral muscles.

Still giving Mr. Adler his due, his book, though it contains nothing startlingly original, bolsters very neatly the arguments of those who believe that a permanent solution for a warlocked world is inseparable from the existence of a world government. Carefully, compactly, it outlines the historical and political evolution that points rigidly to the present need for such a global authority, and then considers one by one the obstacles standing in the way of this authority. Mr. Adler's evident passion for world government, however, does not lead him to minimize the size or scope of these obstacles; nor does he anticipate that we can get rid of them or get around them for some centuries to come. This remoteness is no argument, he says, against the ideal itself, anymore than it would remove the need behind the ideal. Thus the challenge laid down by the book is whether mankind is big enough and wise enough today to break ground for a structure even though it may see nothing more than the bare foundation—if indeed that—in its own lifetime. For himself, Mr. Adler hopes and believes that the challenge can be met.

Still another service performed by the book is its frontal attack on the bugaboo of sovereignty and nationalism—by far the heaviest and most deeply anchored of the obstacles facing world citizenship. Mr. Adler demonstrates the essential conflict between this ever-enlarging concept of individualism among states and the larger requirements of the geographical revolution that has made of the entire world a single unit. While he correctly assesses the long-term effects of sovereignty, the case might have been stronger had he pointed up the natural ingredients which went into its making. It is one of the ironic tragedies of Europe that its peoples for many centuries suffered under external controls of aggressive states and only began to achieve their long-sought independence and sovereignty at a time in world history when such sovereignty became an anachronism. And until these peoples are given an equivalent—some other ideal of freedom to work for and fight for—it will be difficult to break them away from obsolete visions. World citizenship can be this equivalent, but as an ideal it has hardly begun to mature in the mind of man. Let a prophet arise who can catch the imagination of ideologically hungry peoples and the maturing process may be considerably shorter than a matter of centuries. Conceivably, it may be sooner than Mr. Adler thinks.

Take it Away

WASHINGTON BROADCASTS. By The Man at the Microphone. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID COHN

ONE of the horrors of election year is that it sometimes throws off such a book as this. Here is a sample of its "wit and fearlessness" mentioned in the blurb:

> Mr. Roosevelt has charm—with a smiling, illuminated C. He has genius, but according to some it is with an out-of-focus G. Likewise, his arrogance is sometimes with a swaggering A, just as at times it would appear that he likes to get revenge with a grinning R. He effervesces, but he has temper and he is the thespian, both with a terrible T. He has ego, with the kind of E that begins with the word "election" and rhymes with "me."

Yes, and Serutan spelled backward is Nature's.

Other samples of wit: "The new Voodoodeal;" "Corn Wallace;" "Donald (Not A Duck) Nelson;" "Trek, Trek, Trek, The Boys Are Marching." "Uncle Elmer and the Rover Boys."

The wonder grows that in a country where such a book as this can be published, De Tocqueville is out of print and is to be had only after searching the second-hand bookstores. Thus, by a kind of Gresham's law of publishing, bad books drive out the good.

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Cauldron Bubbling in the Dark

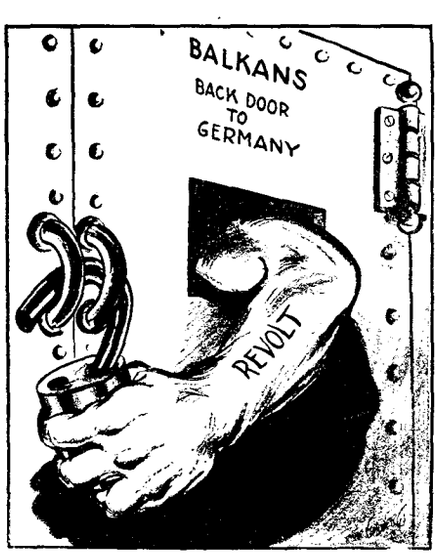
THE LONG BALKAN NIGHT. By Leigh White. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 473 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN BONSAL

MR. WHITE has written an extremely valuable book about this turbulent region and in addition his pictures of men and places are absorbingly interesting. It is a transparently honest book and should prepare us to meet, and to cope with, the difficulties with which we shall be confronted when next the Peace Table is spread.

In only one instance, within my survey, has Mr. White succumbed to the high powered propaganda and the foreign office hand-outs which in these days flourish, rankly I think, throughout the war-ridden Peninsula. He says of King Nicholas, the gallant ruler of the Black Mountain country now dead in exile these many years: "During the First World War he betrayed the Serbs and sold his kingdom to the Austrians." And then he adds this very illuminating clause: "However, his former subjects seemed to regard him with affection."

They certainly did and well they might. Today they are fighting for what he taught them was their birthright and they go into battle singing the war songs he wrote for them. Tennyson was speaking of what he knew when he hailed Nicholas and his people as "the rough rock throne of Freedom" and asserted there never has breathed "a mightier race of mountaineers." At the Peace Conference the gallant old king was deposed because the economists asserted Montenegro was too small and poor to stand alone. They ignored the fact that man does not live by bread alone even when it is of the hard nourishing variety which requires a sharp axe to slice it.



—New York Sun.
"The Hand from Within"

It will be hard for us old Balkan "hands" to accept Tsetinye as our old haunt of Cetinje, but doubtless his reasons are good and sufficient and it is to be hoped that the plum brandy that flows there will taste the same.

As a panacea to the distressing situation which he has made plain Mr. White suggests a Balkan Federation including some of the Danubian states. Perhaps it would work, but it should not be forgotten that Ristich proposed a similar plan some sixty years ago; that before and since it has had many intelligent and sincere advocates, and yet their plans and their hopes have not prospered. In this turbulent region we are confronted with racial and cultural differences and above all by religious animosities and rivalries, and as Bacon said long ago in his book on the vicissitudes that afflict humanity "the greatest of these is the vicissitude of sects." The Bulgars still dream of the day of the great Czar Simeon, the Serbs hark back to the spacious empire of Stephen Dushan, and the Albanians are quite confident that the blueprints of Scander Beg are not outmoded.

Perhaps I can make plain what I feel I should say by frankly confessing the failure of a mission that was imposed upon me at the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919. King Nicholas of the Black Mountain folk and Essad Pasha, who represented a number of the eagle tribes, were squabbling over the possession of a few foothills that lay between their respective territories. As I had visited both these Balkan chiefs on their native crags I was urged to bring them as near together as possible in homage to the spirit of conciliation which it was thought should prevail at the Conference. I lunched them and I dined them—separately. My dream was of course to bring them together, to have them break bread at my table, drink plum brandy, and smoke the pipe of peace. My talking point was the frequent reunions in our happy land of the gallant men who wore the blue and the gray, who had fought each other for four long years and yet were now meeting so frequently on the very fields where the bloody battles had been lost and won. "After four years of fratricidal war they meet —as brothers should, why not you?" "But we have been fighting those godless Albanians for four hundred years," demurred Nicholas. "That makes a difference," and indeed it does.

—Leja Gorska
Leigh White

Then I tackled Essad, who a few weeks later was to die near the peace table at the hands of an assassin. "Break bread with Nicholas? or any of the Black Mountain folk! Impossible—that would be against the Law of the Mountains which we are all pledged to respect." My mission failed, the dream banquet never came off, and yet hope springs eternal in the human breast. Perhaps after the disastrous years they have lived through since, the peoples of the Balkans will be more receptive to the plan of federation and in the days to come it will prosper. It would be a miracle, at least it would seem so to many, but the world situation demands miracles, and one may be vouchsafed us in the Balkans.

Of one thing we can be certain. Mr. White's volume has brought light to one of the dark places on the sombre horizon. His volume is worthy to be placed with the pictures of this turbulent region that were drawn long ago by our own McGahan and Schuyler, the American pioneers, which were in my saddle bags, more years ago than I care to remember when first I rode through Shipka Pass and swam the boisterous Maritza.

Stephen Bonsal, author of the recently published "Unfinished Business," has had a long career in journalism. He was a special correspondent of the New York Herald *during the Bulgarian-Serbian War in* 1885, *in Morocco in* 1889, *in the Macedonian uprising of* 1890, *and the Chino-Japanese War in* 1895. *Later he reported the Cuban Insurrection and the Spanish-American War. He served for some years in the United States Diplomatic Service, holding an important office in the Philippines. A foreign correspondent during the First World War, he was attached to the American mission to the Peace Conference.*

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The Phenomena of Sanctity

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE. By V. Sackville-West. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1944. 175 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

THESE two studies, the first of the great Theresa of Avila, the eagle, the second of the little French girl, who died in 1897, known in England as The Little Flower, Thérèse Martin, are written from the standpoint of a sympathetic Protestant, herself partly Spanish by descent, a poet with a curious rather than a profound interest in the phenomena of sanctity. Sympathetic and respectful as is Miss Sackville-West's treatment, her book cannot satisfy admirers of Santa Theresa, and will, I imagine, be more distasteful to the clients of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. The author's own religious position is obscure; she apparently is not an Anglican. The question of her particular religious allegiance is not irrelevant: the saints and the quality of sanctity cannot be properly estimated except by someone who intuitively—as did Christina Rossetti—understands the intense importance of the doctrine of the saints' place in the Christian brotherhood.

There is no such understanding in "The Eagle and the Dove"; it is rather a brilliant and belated appendix to William James's great book "The Varieties of Religious Experience." A saint, however great, as Theresa, however silly, as some think Thérèse, is for the Catholic Christian the normal human being; is what the rest of us dismally fail to be, do not try to be, or even—only too easily—try not to be. Yet this book displays intelligence, a real, if perplexed, love of holiness, a genuine effort to understand the religious temperament and the devotion which led two such different women to take the veil in so severe an order as the Carmelite. The first half of the book is given up to Santa Theresa. Her time was Spain of the sixteenth century, the century of Ignatius Loyola and St. John of the Cross, the only man for whom Theresa showed deep admiration, respect, and affection. She was aristocratic, obstinate, managing, reforming, brave, humorous, and indomitably self-disciplined. She was a great writer, to be named as a narrator of her religious experiences with Augustine and Newman. She was less self-centered than those two great men, but possibly more determined on her own way. When, after a youth whose vices she almost certainly exaggerated, she entered the Carmelite order, it was in bad need of discipline and reform. Theresa's lifework was to impose the discipline, to bring about the reform.

The story of this work which has lasted to this day, and made the order even more famous (Carmelite nuns were brought to this country, to Baltimore, in 1790) is vividly told by Miss Sackville-West. Her analysis of Theresa's character, of her strange visions, of her levitations and other unusual traits is good and betrays no merely vulgar scepticism. She has read widely, and as a rule uses her authorities well. The worst flaw in the book is the absence of any critical discussion of Theresa's mystical writings, which are one of the rarest contributions to the literature of the Counter-Reformation.

Thérèse of Lisieux has no such intellectual or spiritual qualities, at any rate to the biographer. She seems to many a sparrow rather than a dove, though to herself and to thousands of her devotees, she would be more suitably symbolized by the most tiresome of tame birds, the love-bird.

Thérèse Martin was born in 1873, of an obscure, honest family; both her parents were genuinely devout, and no obstacle was placed to her entry into the religious life. In April, 1888, she entered Carmel, and nine months later received the habit. From then till her death her life was hidden as only the life of an enclosed religious can be. How did this child—for she remained a child—secure the extraordinary honor of canonization twenty-eight years after her death?

Thérèse had written, at her superior's orders, a little book: "L'Histoire d'une Ame." The prioress of her convent, fearing she had been sometimes harsh to this gentle creature, thought to make reparation by printing this record in the official notice of her death sent to other houses of the order. The book was lent to lay friends; copies were sold all over France, and then Thérèse's name and book became famous all the world over. Nor was her inordinate popularity confined to Catholics. Many were converted by reading her book; and pilgrims began to flock to Lisieux. In the last war, in France, Thérèse of Lisieux, before her formal canonization, was more frequented, say some, than the warrior Maid, Joan of Arc.

You either feel the charm of this girl or not. Miss Sackville-West emphasizes her esthetic ineptitude rather than her lack of intellectual force. Her essay is extremely well-documented but it is a pity that this edition lacks the illustrations which accompanied the English edition.

Return to the Heavens

THE STEEP ASCENT. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 120 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

IT would be a pity if those who were disturbed by Mrs. Lindbergh's last book were to ignore this one because of it. For they would lose in so doing one of the most beautifully written, sensitive, and lovely volumes which has appeared since those earlier ones which were akin to it, "North to the Orient" and "Listen! the Wind." "The Steep Ascent" has the same qualities they had, the same fragrance of spirit (there is no other phrase for it), the same gallantry toward living and loving, the same intuitive perception of the beauty and loneliness and wistfulness of the human soul, and with them perhaps a clearer resolution than before in Mrs. Lindbergh's own mind and heart as to what makes the happiness and meaning of life. And as always there is the exquisite delicacy of expression, the talent for the right word, the right phrase, and the descriptions that are acute observations of the passing scene filtered through the screen of personality.

Like her earlier books, this one is an account of flight, this time over the Alps, where the giant heights and the dense fogs threaten disaster, and where in the apparent imminence of death the wife and mother reviews her past and tries to assess its values. It is written in the form of fiction, with for cast of characters the child, briefly seen, as the mother bids farewell to her boy in the cozy security of his English nursery, the mother herself whose emotions are intensified by the knowledge of new life she is bearing within her, and her aviator husband. The parents take off, are held up at the customs office, and so make their start for the mountains an hour late. As they fly among the peaks, the wife's fears rise; she feels there is no escape for them, and she rides with death, wondering what it is that makes the miracle of life. But even as the certainty of disaster crowds upon her, she watches the wing and her husband, and suddenly sees him nod his assurance and relief, and ultimately beholds below them the sea, and the hill towns of Italy, and knows safety. Life has been given back to her, to her husband, to the child she shelters within her, rendered doubly precious by the understanding which the menace to it has engendered. To the beauty which her earlier books had there is added excitement in this one.

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Master of Ceremonies to the War

THE CURTAIN RISES. By Quentin Reynolds. New York: Random House. 1944. 353 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

AMERICA'S most convivial correspondent has done it again. He has written another war book that hasn't a dull line in it. It's his sixth. You may differ from him profoundly in many of the things he says, but you fall under the spell of the exuberant way he says them. He goes all over the map liking people—especially important people—and having them like him. It is a trait that would be maddening in a less virile reporter. But when Mr. Reynolds finds everyone he meets "great," the reader thinks Mr. Reynolds is "great" and devours every last word he writes.

"The Curtain Rises" takes in considerable territory—Miami Beach, Trinidad, Egypt, Iran, Palestine, Russia, North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. Mr. Reynolds left Miami Beach in March, 1943, to get some war stories for *Collier's*. He expected to stay three months and was away over twice that long. On his travels he saw a good deal of the U. S. Army. "Any American," he concludes, "who isn't deliriously proud of our army should have his head examined."

He cannot say too much for the Russians, either. They may be hard to understand, he says, but they're very easy to like. He reports richly and intimately their courage in combat and their way of life in total war. His report on religion in Russia is particularly interesting. "Nobody," he claims, "can ever call this place Godless Russia. . . . By now the government probably realizes that attempting to kill faith is like trying to punch a hole in a pillow." He devotes several pages to the heroic work of American Father Leopold Braun, the only Roman Catholic priest in the country, who has 25,000 Moscow parishioners.

As an example of Nazi ruthlessness and wanton cruelty newsman Reynolds describes Vyazma, "killed by the Germans in March, 1943." In the path of their retreat the invaders dynamited the whole city, leaving only the cathedral and two other buildings intact. These they sowed with time bombs and delayed-action mines. Hundreds of sick and homeless people who took refuge in the two buildings were killed. The bomb in the cathedral was discovered in time; the cathedral was thus the only structure left standing in the ruined city. Of Vyazma's 60,000 citizens, only 716 succeeded in escaping death at the hands of the supermen.

Mr. Reynolds has a good word for the American troops in Iran who are transporting Lend-Lease materials from the Persian Gulf to the Russians. The gulf area has been called the hottest spot in the world, but the soldiers toil on valiantly and efficiently. They get on well with their Russian allies and firmly believe in the credo of their brilliant commander, General Donald Connolly: "The Russian front is merely an extension of the American front."

By way of the Middle East and North Africa the reporter headed into the Sicilian invasion. En route he learned that there are two good sides to the Arab-Jewish question, that the most devout Catholics in the Mediterranean AEF considered the bombing of Rome necessary. Sicily was not easy, he found. The Americans took a brutal pounding there. They gave it back too. In one day Allied bombers killed 9,000 people in Palermo, 4,000 of the dead being German soldiers. But the intensive bombing of Sicily hastened the fall of the island by months and saved thousands of American lives.

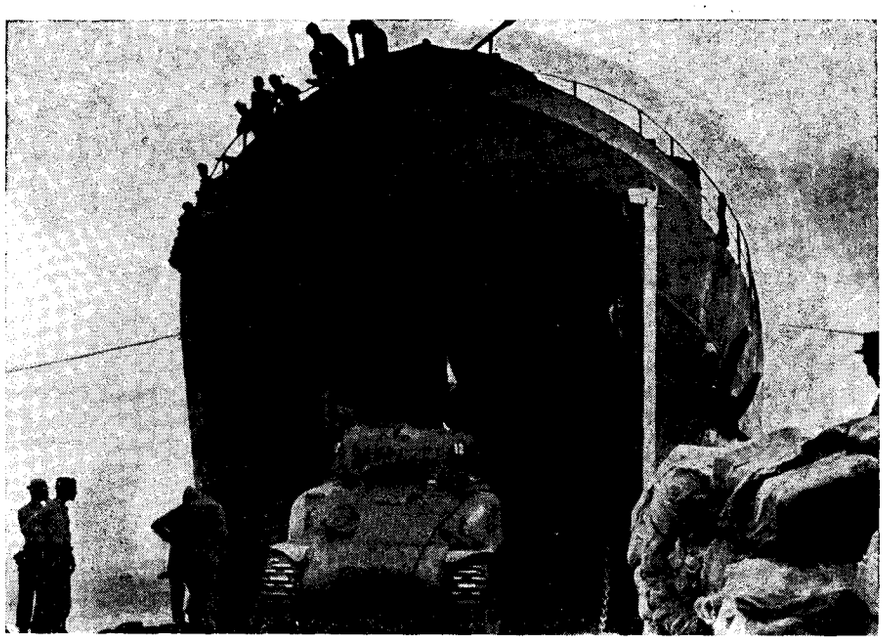
Before embarking for D-day in Italy, the bomb-jittery reporter took a holiday in war-crowded Algiers. It was a mad interlude filled with humorous confusion, hilarious discomfort, famous correspondents, radio entertainers, and a fabulous pageant of drinks staged by a mysterious Miracle Man. Almost the only serious note in the Algiers chapter is the glimpse of General Eisenhower at work. This glimpse more than justifies General Montgomery's tribute—"magnificent."

From Algiers Mr. Reynolds set out with the invasion fleet for Italy. It was the superlative work of our Navy, he shows us, that kept Salerno from becoming another Gallipoli. The Reynolds account of the Salerno landing is memorable reporting. It is much more than the sounds, sights, and smells of a bloody operation in which "the noise of the guns went almost unheard, so powerful was the visual effect." It is more than a human story of what our men ate the night before D-day, how they prayed and fought, of the tragic "Savannah" rocket-gunning, of the hideousness and glory of the modern battlefield. It adds up to the very spirit of the Allies' battle for Salerno and for a freeman's world.

Before the American correspondent took off for home he had a talk with General Montgomery. It was a talk typically and uniquely Reynolds. To most newsmen the ascetic Briton had remained a remote star in the Allied military constellation. Mr. Reynolds simply drove up in a jeep and in no time at all had teetotaler "Monty" offering him gin.

On the jacket of "The Curtain Rises" the reporter has a hearty review of his own volume. "I like the book a lot," his concluding line runs. "I ought to. I wrote it." A good many people will change that last verb to "read" and go along with the ubiquitous author-reviewer.

Houghton Mifflin Company has announced the award of a Literary Fellowship in fiction to Edward Kimbrough of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and a Fellowship in non-fiction to Joseph Wechsberg of Hollywood, California, now in the United States Army. Arrangements for publication have been made with six authors in addition to the prize winners.



Tanks from the new landing barges unload in Sicily.

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of Literature

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MORTALITY IN WRITERS

FOUR American writers of wide popularity have recently left us: Irvin S. Cobb, Joseph C. Lincoln, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, and Colonel John William Thomason of the Marines. All were read by many thousands if not millions, at least two were widely known abroad, all were writers in whom one prime ingredient was a humorous philosophy of life, different as these were. Cobb had his roots in the Blue Grass, Lincoln was a Cape Codder, Thomason was of the Lone Star State, Van Loon was our own Flying Dutchman direct from Holland, who first married into the Bowditch family of Boston and later found his true helpmate in Helen Criswell, whom he had met in Greenwich Village.

"Hendrik," as many knew him, said that the book that taught him English was Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," surely a sound foundation! He was a man of great vitality and versatility. His birthplace, Rotterdam, was levelled by the Nazis in the present war, and he fought them in print in every way possible, as well as over the radio. He spoke and wrote ten languages, played the violin, drew inimitably, was a great skeptic, and gave the world a huge enthusiastic flood of history, biography, geography, high fooling, and conversation about the arts. He was able to discourse with great confidence and persuasiveness on Rembrandt or on Holy Writ. His observation, with extensive view, surveyed "mankind, from China to Peru," and wrote a history thereof. If his large scorn for niggling accuracy annoyed the scholars, so much for them! He was a big voluminous man, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, standing three inches over six feet, and his output was prodigious. He communicated his gusto to millions. At his death, he had no fewer than ten separate volumes in process of preparation, one of which was his "Report to St. Peter," of which too little was completed to warrant posthumous publication.

Irvin Cobb was another stout fellow who almost became a legend in his own lifetime. Paducah, Kentucky, is proud of him; all good journalists knew him; he entertained through his writing until, at an advanced age, he found himself joining in the entertainment furnished by the screen. This surprised and diverted him enormously. When people tried to corner him as to his religion he would always reply that he was just an Innocent Bystander. He asked to be immediately cremated without any formality. "I'll be done with after-dinner speaking [at which he was a pastmaster] so why despatch me hence in the regalia of the craft?" He wanted a dogwood planted at Oak Grove, and his ashes strewn in the hole, to fertilize the tree roots. "Should the tree live, that will be monument enough for me." He fancied the famous lines in Stevenson's "Requiem" as an inscription for himself. He abhorred the "dismal note." Among Cobb's favorite public figures he included Professor George Washington Carver of Tuskegee Institute and Rabbi Cohen of Galveston, Texas. He had about sixty-odd books published, and his work was translated into a number of languages. Primarily a humorist, he was also a writer of serious fiction, who gave us a memorable character in Judge Priest, and one particular short-story, "Fish Head," which is a macabre classic. A selection from Cobb's work would make a book of characteristically American humor, to last for a long time. He stands somewhere between Mark Twain and Joel Chandler Harris in the American pantheon.

Joseph Crosby Lincoln's humor had the tang of New England. His forebears were men of the sea. "For a mile in each direction from the plain little house of the Lincolns every house contained a Cap'n." Lincoln knew cranberries as Cobb knew sweet potatoes. He was a poet, too, his first book being "Cape Cod Ballads." He resembled in looks a kindly old skipper. He immortalized human characters in a particular "neck o' the woods," and made a vital part of our land his own.

John W. Thomason hailed from Texas; and if Hendrik Van Loon could draw with a wild scribbly amateur abandon—which incidentally made his constant map and chart-making so original and diverting—Colonel Thomason of the Marines was a true artist. In pen, pencil, or water color, the free stroke conveying movement and life, which is the mark of the artist born, was always his. As he drew, so he wrote, from his first "Fix Bayonets." His stories were intensively alive. James Norman Hall ranked him with Barbusse and the Masefield who was prose writer in the last war, for that one book alone.

Though Thomason's father was a doctor, his grandfather was chief of staff under General Longstreet. Today the Colonel's own son is in the Marine Corps. Thomason served in the West Indies, Central America, and China, after winning the Navy Cross at Soissons in the last war. In every clime he found material for his stories and drawings, and often sketched on the actual battlefield. He wrote a biography of the great Southern cavalryman, Jeb Stuart, an historical novel about Texas, and the Marines were always in his short stories. How well he would have written of their great exploits in this war, had he lived! It is fitting that a military man round out our picture. But it is most unusual that a military man achieve the genuine artistic distinction in two fields that was Colonel Thomason's. He seemed born with the crafts of writing and drawing both at his fingertips.

All of these men are hard for us to lose! They exemplified the largeness and variety of our democracy. They demonstrated its geographical elbow-room. About them there was nothing petty or mean. Their works remain with us; and in that sense only we are not the poorer for their going.

W. R. B.

From Easy Words

By Elizabeth Phelps Stokes

FROM easy words bayed up a tree
By the hounds of literacy,
Good Lord, deliver us!

From prolific plurals, verys,
All loose letters without heed,
That like incontinent cats
Slickly live and vastly breed—

Till promiscuous and ill
They waste to ghostly claws
That maraud and kill.

From fights begun
Because of words
More cutting than swords;
More ranging than guns;
More maiming than bombs;
Words tearing apart
More than the wars they start;

From patterns new words create,
Fastening like fur to man's estate,
Good Lord, deliver us!
And have pity,
As on the mew and the purr!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Abolish the German Language?

SIR: Sophie Kerr [*SRL,* Feb. 26] suggests that the German language be extirpated and that French become the alembic wherein the Teutonic soul will lose its Mephistophelian cast and its "guttural" pomposity. It is to be feared, alas, that Sophie Kerr has gone the way of all flesh and committed at least three serious fallacies: logical, psychological, and esthetic.

The logical fallacy derives from the assumption that the German mind or *Weltanschauung* is essentially evil because of the linguistic symbols it employs in its thinking. The English language which has never been accused of immorality stems from the West Germanic branch of the Teutonic group of the Indo-European system of languages. It is futile to ascribe an ethical stigma to one language, in fact, and a transmutative attribute to another—in this case, French.

The use of French as a psychological draught of the waters of Lethe to make the Germans submissive and penitent after the war is a testimony to childlike faith in regimentation. In the fourteenth century, Chaucer chose English rather than Norman French and it is not beyond the pale of possibility that the process might be repeated in twentieth-century Germany.

As to the esthetic potentialities of German it will be sufficient to mention Martin Luther, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Richard Wagner.

Let all teachers of the German language breathe a sigh of etymologic relief. The problem of dealing with post-war Germany can find no solution in the suppression of its language.

NORMAN PIERRE GENTIEU.

Lansdowne, Pa.

"Thesaurus" to the Rescue

SIR: In Miss Olson's letter in your issue of March 11 she quotes a limerick "attributed to the pen and originality of President Wilson." The limerick, which begins:

For beauty, I am not a star . . .

is by Anthony Euwer. I am indebted for this information to Wier's "Thesaurus of the Arts."

E. H. BALCH.

New York, N. Y.

Old Q. Knows His Barons

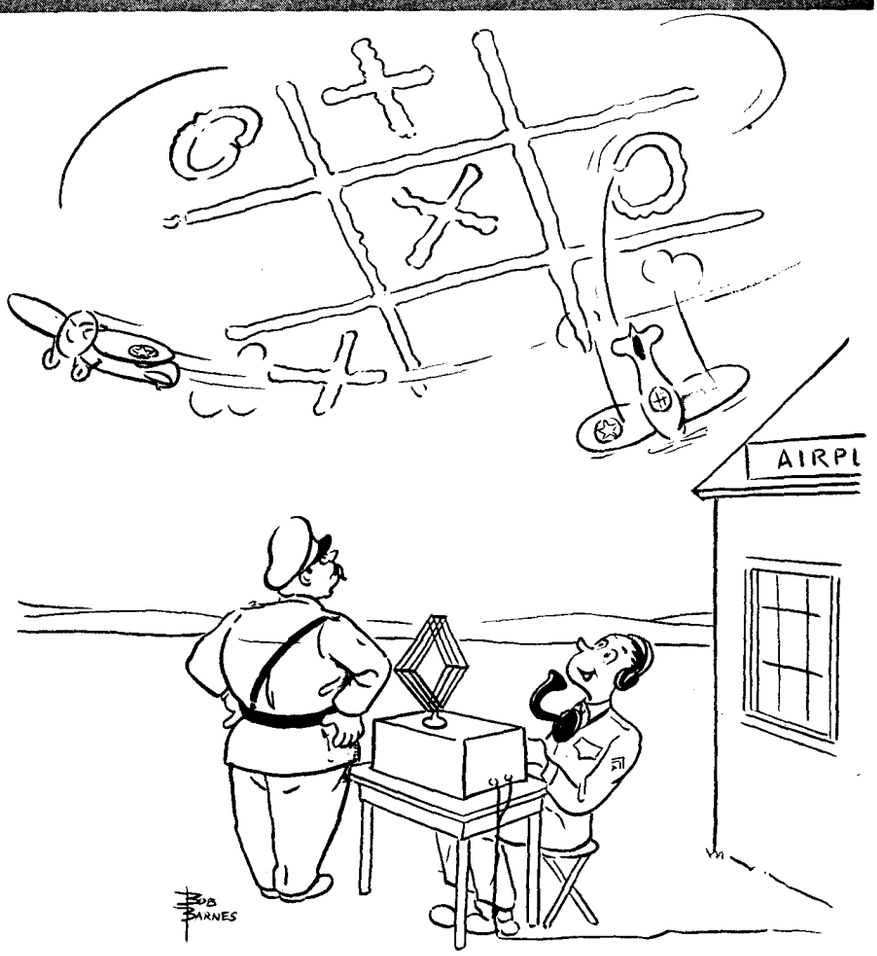
SIR:

☞ From his innocent temporary hideaway on the Upper West Side (gneiss part of N. Y. geologically) where he has no reference books, Old P.E.G. Quercus yet ventures to protest your definition (March 11 issue) re John Buchan's "baronetcy."

☞ Evidently you mean peerage: a baronet would have been only Sir J. Buchan but as a *Baron,* my dear, he became Lord Tweedsmuir. A baronet is v. small spuds, he is not a peer.

P.E.G. QUERCUS.

New York, N. Y.



"Looks like Spike has trapped the Captain again."

Verse of the People

SIR: A P.S. to Vincent Starrett's "Rhapsody at Four Ack Emma" [*SRL,* February 26] or "Sherlock Redivivus":

If between murder and adultery is your choice
May I commend to you a still, small voice
That tells me homicide or at least a fight's on—
Adultery's not such fun when a light's on.

S. M. MIDDLEBROOK.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: For your attention:

BALLADE OF MARITAL UNREST LAID BITTERLY AT THE DOOR OF THE SRL EDITORS.

For twenty-eight years, now, man and boy,
I've uttered no dissonant squawk or peep
To mar my marital peace and joy.
I'm tops on the paragon husband heap.
But lately into my language creep
Remarks acidulous, crude and caustic
When nightly her bed lamp murders sleep—
My wife's a nut on the Double-Crostic!

Around her rise like the walls of Troy
Books of reference three feet deep!
From Merriam-Webster—her favorite toy—
To Roget and Bulfinch she'll madly leap.
Shakespeare, duck! Here she comes—beep! beep!
On Learning's alter she burns a joss stick
Whilst I lie restlessly counting sheep.
My wife's a nut on the Double-Crostic.

She asks for a synonym meaning "coy";
What phrase (colloquial) means "to weep,"
And another (slang) for the hoi polloi?
Who was the barber to Louis-Philippe?
Ah, once I prayed to the Lord to keep
My soul while I slept, being no agnostic,

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But now all night I'm a jumping jeep!
My wife's a nut on the Double-Crostic.

L'ENVOI

Sirs, the price of this mag. is cheap,
But if you'd make your renewal clause stick,
Then away with D-Cs—a good, clean sweep:
My wife's a nut on the Double-Crostic.

DAVID S. STERN.

Phila., Pa.

SIR:

"Jenny kissed me when we met"
Three times already in '44.
I'll lose my taste for the Lit. I. Q.
If Jenny kisses me any more.

MARY E. COOLEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

"It Is Later," Etc.

SIR: Re. "It is Later Than Radio Thinks," by Harriet Van Horne [*SRL*, Feb. 19].

The distressing thing about the soap opera is that there is such a large market for this type of program, else the sponsor would not continue supporting it. It is a question of education or re-education. And there you have the tremendous task of revolutionizing the listening female, broadening her scope of interest, rearranging her attitudes, destroying many traditional prejudices, establishing new and important values based on things besides home, husband, children.

It is a consolation to listen to programs like "Of Men and Books," led by Professor Fredericks, and I sometimes wish very desperately that the radio broadcasting companies would have enough vision and wisdom to arrange and foster more of like caliber. The listening audience for it may be small, but how potent!

ANNE DELL FRIEDMAN.

Panama City, Florida.

Writer's Cramp

SIR: The cramp in Russell Whelan's hand must be caused by his using his body incorrectly. He should read the four books by F. Matthias Alexander, and also communicate with him, through his United States publisher, and try to get him to help personally to correct any malcoördination.

JEAN JEANS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Further Byronia

SIR: Mr. Hellman raises some interesting questions relating to Byron.

First: Were many of Byron's poems turned into ashes?

I think not. I do not think that Moore permitted any of his friend's poems to be burned. I also believe that prior to the burning or destruction of the "Memoirs" that excerpts therefrom were copied, for I have read data relating to matters to be hereinafter mentioned that are supposed to be in Byron's words. Byron intended his "Memoirs" to be published after his death. Moore, with the consent and desire of Byron, sold the manuscript to Murray, the bookseller, for 2000 guineas. Moore, at Byron's death, placed it at the disposal of Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction, and after some argument, the manuscript in Moore's and Murray's presence was torn and burnt. Moore later reimbursed Murray. The discussions I have reference to do not at any time refer to any of the poems being burned.

Second: Why were some of Byron's works doomed to be suppressed or barred from his collected works?

I do not think the answer lies in the fact that they might have established beyond doubt the illicit relations between Mrs. Leigh and her step-brother, Lord Byron. Rather that many of these poems were of the sort that no publisher dared print for fear of suppression on the part of the government, as witness:

EPIGRAM

The world is a bundle of hay
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

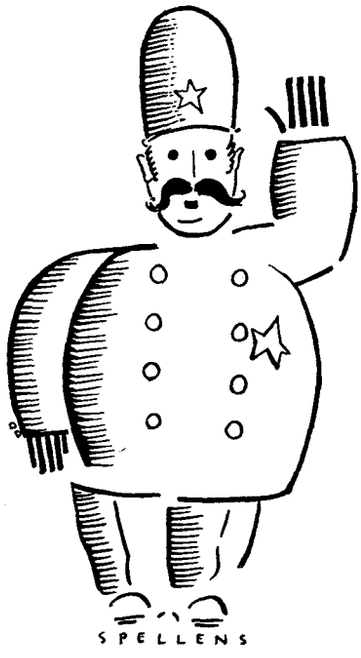
and again—

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT

With death doom'd to grapple
Beneath the cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

Third: Did Byron regret his marriage almost as soon as contemplated?

Byron (in what I believe to be excerpts from his "Memoirs") admitted his meeting and marriage were under ill omens and quoted what he believed to be omens of ill. He denied the charge that he married her for her money and sets out the fact that he more than repaid all her marriage brought him. From his comments I believe that he desired to make a success of marriage, but that interference from his wife's family brought on their separation. He admits that he did love Annabella.



Fourth: What caused the marriage to go "on the rocks?"

Byron does not, in what I believe to be excerpts of his "Memoirs," speak *too* harshly of his wife, but does set forth some of the circumstances which brought about the break. He admits his wife criticized much of his verse; that she too aspired to write verse, and that he without doubt spoke disparagingly of her writings. It seems, too, that his wife, or some one at her instigation, broke into a writing desk in which Byron had some letters from a married woman with whom he had been intimate (his own admission) and returned the letters to the husband of the woman in question. Further, he states that a lawyer and doctor broke into his room where he was engaged in writing and after asking him some pointless and somewhat silly questions retired, and in Byron's words they were convinced that he was not a fit subject for Bedlam. He does criticize her for listening to the counsel of others.

Fifth: Was the supposed unknown poem a farewell to his wife?

The more I check into his works and read what I consider to be excerpts from his "Memoirs," the more I incline to the belief that they were directed at some other woman. Why do witnesses at his death bed set forth his last thoughts were of Annabella, his child, and his sister? Must all that testimony be disregarded? He apparently knew of how his child was being raised. Of the green curtain over his portrait and that his child must not know until she was of age that he was her father. He sets forth that had his child been a boy he would not have permitted his wife to have raised it—stating he would have used his right as a noble to have obtained his custody. He also stated his wife would never permit his name to be mentioned to their daughter. He evidently had some contacts which kept him advised in regard to his child. He had the child's picture and kept by him a lock of the child's hair. I also gather that he had emissaries to contact his wife relative to a reconciliation.

I think Byron (by the way he pronounced it Byrn) was judged too much from what his enemies said of him: one hated him because he was better at verse than he. A study of Byron, the man, should do much to give the world a better picture of him.

In closing—here are the last two lines of a poem—"Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog," written at Newstead Abbey, October 30, 1808:

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

JOHN N. WHITE.

Borger, Texas

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THE BAY OF SILENCE

by Eduardo Mallea

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"The book has power. As a picture of life and thought in Argentina it takes the country from the realm of gaucho legend and slick photography and makes it a part of today's world. Buenos Aires comes alive by day and by night—its streets and cafes, its business men and its students, its quarrels and its devotions. The conversational level among its young intelligentsia, as here portrayed, should give pause to those North Americans who think we must have a mandate to send culture south."

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New York Times Book Review

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—WILLIAM S. LYNCH
Saturday Review of Literature

The distinguished Colombian scholar, diplomat and author, **GERMAN ARCINIEGAS,** says of *The Bay of Silence:*

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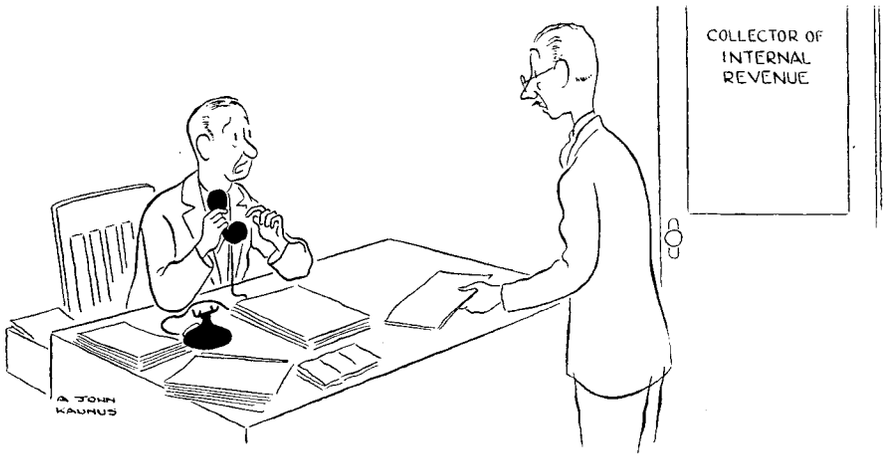
TRADE Winds

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S original Sadie Thompson saga, dramatized under the title of "Rain," is headed for Broadway once more, this time in the guise of a musical play, with lyrics and melodies by Howard Dietz and Vernon Duke. Duke's real name is Dukelsky, under which he has composed several serious numbers of high merit. His biggest popular hit was the haunting "April in Paris," first sung in a Bea Lillie revue in 1932 and called "Walk a Little Faster." The story of that song's origin is typical of Tin Pan Alley.

Duke wrote the melody and suggested the title to his lyricist, at the moment, E. Y. ("Yip") Harburg. That gentleman dismissed the music as "too chromatic for popular taste," and the theme as inconsequential. "What's so special about Paris in April?" he asked. "Oh," said Duke vaguely, "you see chestnuts in blossom, and people sit around in the open air, eating under the trees." "Yip" nodded absent-mindedly, found himself humming the tune over and over, sat down and dashed off the lyric. The song, like "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Begin the Beguine," and "Allah's Holiday," did not become popular when it was first introduced, but grew in public favor from month to month. Now people are hoping that "April in Paris" may become the theme song for the United Nations' armies on the Second Front. . . . The first time I met Duke, his host begged him to play "April in Paris," but he demurred. "I never play my own popular music when I'm out visiting," he said firmly. Duly urged, however, it developed that, by a remarkable coincidence, he had a copy of the music in his inside coat pocket. . . . Duke is a lieutenant in the Coast Guard today, and one of the best-liked figures in the Broadway scene. He has always wanted to write the score for an all-Negro production of a play with a Negro theme—possibly Ronald Firbank's "Prancing Nigger." If the musical "Rain" clicks, he may be encouraged to embark seriously upon this project. . . .

VAN WYCK BROOKS'S new book will be called "The World of Washington Irving," and will be published by Dutton this summer. Writes Mr. Brooks: "It is intended to precede 'The Flowering of New England,' beginning with the year 1800 which witnessed the Jeffersonian revolution and the real beginning of the American consciousness in literature. I start with five chapters on the principal centers and regions—Philadelphia, New York, New England, the South, the West—to give a complete panorama of the intellectual life of the country in the year in which the history opens. Figures who appear in the course of the book at full length, besides Jefferson, are Audubon, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Bryant, and Poe." . . . Another forthcoming book with rich possibilities is Walter Dorwin Teague's "Land of Plenty," announced for May by Reynal and Hitchcock. It is a noted industrial designer's estimate of "post-war possibilities in the fields of power, electronics, chemistry, metallurgy, transport, communications, housing, food, medicine, and education." That's a tall order, but Teague is the kind of man who can bring it off. . . .

KID STUFF: A famous composer was questioning his ten-year-old son about his history lesson in school that day. "Was it interesting?" he asked. "I'll say!" declared the boy. "We heard all about Nebacadenza!" . . . And Leonard Lyons's young hopeful watched his mother try on a new dress. "You sure are beautiful," he assured her. "You look just like Abraham Lincoln!" . . . A Navy J.G., home on leave, took his little daughter on a shopping tour. In a crowded department-store elevator, a stout party gave that J.G. an outraged look, and smacked him squarely in the face. The J.G. compressed his lips, and said nothing. As they emerged on the ground floor, his daughter said, "I hated that woman too, papa. She stepped on my foot, so I pinched her right on the heinie!" . . . A fond grandparent remarked, "I hear you've been doing very well at school, Bobby. What is your best subject: reading, writing, or arithmetic?" A look of quiet contempt crossed the young sprout's face. "Don't be absurd, grandpa," he replied. "I'm working now on a plan for post-war reconstruction." . . . In my book, Freddie March's kid story still is tops. He found himself alone with a little seven-year-old one evening, and, to pass the time before its parents entered the room, inquired, "What do you want to be when you grow up, sonny?" The boy looked him straight in the eye and replied firmly, "A sex pervert!" . . .



"All I heard was, 'Hello, Aha-ha-ha-ha' and then two pistol shots."

EVERY AMERICAN who is interested in books and who has been to London will remember with particular pleasure Mr. J. G. Wilson, of Bumpus's Bookshop. "The War," Harold Laski reports happily,

> has left Mr. Wilson quite unchanged. Nothing ruffles his cheery dogmatism. He embodies the aphorism that the bookseller who reads wisely has won his game. The Hitlers and Mussolinis come and go; while men like Wilson remain, with their endless cheerfulness, their pawky humor, their conviction that no tyrant could ever destroy a great book to which one determined bookseller has found his way, this war is only an interruption of civilized living. This, you may challenge [continues Laski], is one man's form of escapism. In some degree, perhaps, but not wholly so. A friend of mine, whose task is the inspection of interned prisoners of war, left with a young Nazi airman a copy of Emerson's "English Traits." When he revisited the camp, the airman told him soberly, "If we had learned these things at home, we should not have been fooled into this adventure." If I had to put the purpose of this war into a single sentence I should say that we fight it that men and women may freely choose themselves the books which give them nourishment and pleasure! . . .

BIG REPRINT PUBLISHERS who sponsor as many as fifty new titles in a single month obviously do not have time to read carefully the various additions to their line. Neither do the hapless wights who have to prepare the jacket

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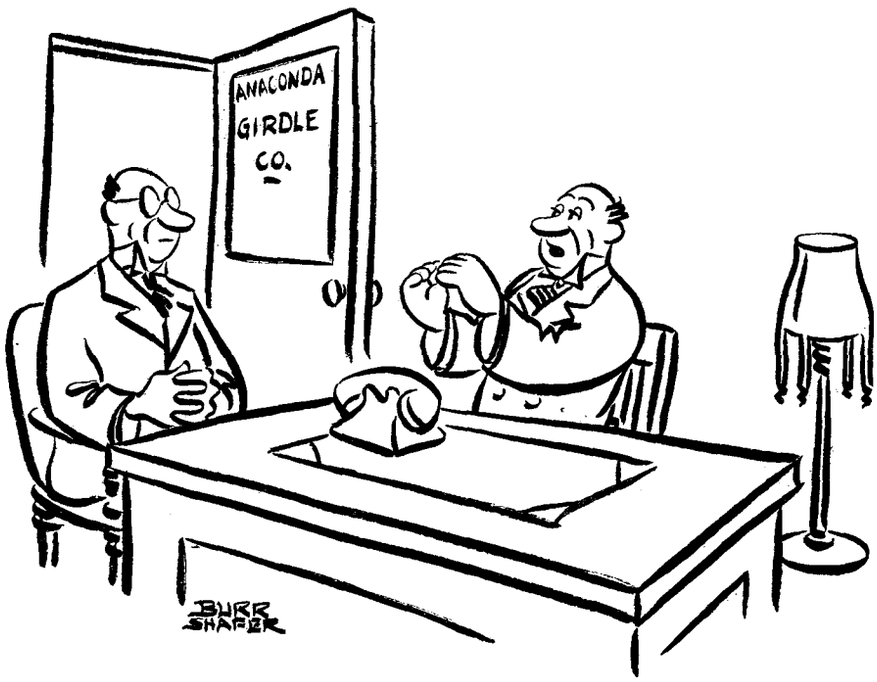


"My idea is that the Navy should surround Japan and slowly squeeze out all resistance."

copy. This sometimes leads to grim consequences. One eminent physician, for instance, nearly committed mayhem when he discovered that a reprint of his tome on anatomy bore on the back of the jacket an advertisement for a rival practitioner's treatise on the same subject. It seems that the book thus shamefully advertised included a paragraph that labeled the good doctor "a palpable quack" and his opus "a worthless collection of undigested nonsense." A brand-new jacket appeased him somewhat, but there is a definite feeling abroad that his next reprint is headed elsewhere. . . . Another morning, a visitor insisted upon meeting the president of the reprint house and demanded a copy of a particular book on the art of letter writing. "Oh, we let that go out of print long ago," said the publisher cheerfully. "But how about this new one on the same subject? It's got that dreary old stinker skinned a mile." "I do not need your invaluable assistance in composing letters," the caller remarked coldly. "I happen to be the author of the dreary old stinker." . . .

VINCENT STARRETT is compiling a list of well-known books that were published originally in his home city of Chicago. It includes two phenomenal best-sellers: Edgar Rice Burroughs's "Tarzan of the Apes" and L. Frank Baums's "The Wizard of Oz." Then there are George Barr McCutcheon's famous "Graustark," published in 1900 by H. S. Stone & Co., and Robert W. Chambers's "The King in Yellow," which dates back to 1895. Three years before that, two books with a genuine claim to literary distinction were published in Chicago within a few months of each other. One was Ambrose Bierce's "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." The other was Edgar Saltus's lush and fanciful chronicle of the Roman Emperors, "Imperial Purple." . . .

Starrett also writes that he has found a companion piece to Frank Harris's story of the Englishman's vanishing watch, retailed in this column some time ago. It is reported by Paul Tabori in "A Wreath for Europa," a chronicle of the Europe that ceased to exist in 1939, published by Ives Washburn:

The uncle of one of Mr. Tabori's Swiss friends—a banker—went to Rumania on business and was entertained at dinner by the president and board of a large Rumanian bank. The food was excellent, the wine superb, the gypsies' music divine. The Swiss banker sat at the right of the bank president; at his other side was the first vice president, a benignly bearded gentleman who spoke the four main European languages.

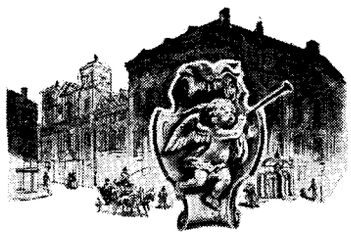
When the dinner was over, the guest of honor felt for his watch. It was gone. Greatly embarrassed, he told the president what had happened. The president, too, was unhappy. After a moment's reflection, he hurried away and returned in a few minutes with the watch.

"I remembered that you sat next to our vice president," he explained.

The Swiss was shocked. "You mean . . . ?" he stammered.

"Hush!" whispered the president, raising a finger to his lips. "He doesn't know it yet!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.



The great house still stands in imprisoned Vienna...

The Angel with the Trumpet still guards the doorway . . . and within its walls the gayety and tragedy of the world's most fascinating city is brought to life in this novel of the Alt family, that spans four generations. There is Henriette, beautiful non-Aryan, beloved by Franz Alt and by Crown Prince Rudolf, and her children—Martha Monica who loves with more generosity than prudence . . . Hermann, who walks the crooked road to Nazism . . . and Hans who strives for a new Vienna despite the city's mounting destitution and its ultimate seizure by Hitler. Against an authentic background of past and present history, Ernst Lothar has woven a rich, engrossing novel of a family whose story is the story of Vienna itself—its haunting past, its dark present, and the indestructible hope that lights its future.

The Angel with the Trumpet

BY

ERNST LOTHAR

author of

BENEATH ANOTHER SUN

At your bookseller's $3.00

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Hilarious Misery

HACKBERRY CAVALIER. By George Sessions Perry. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

AMERICAN novelists over the last twenty years have twice changed their minds about the deep South. Before William Faulkner came along, the master of all those writers who portrayed its human and psychic miseries, the reading public had for a long time been saturated to the point of nausea with the Romantic South. In popular fiction it was populated with mint-julep scented Colonels, lovely women in crinolines, colored butlers, and picturesque field hands, and back in the Blue Ridge and the Smokies the gaunt mountaineers with their never-ending feuds, moonshining, and wretched hovels. The plots were simple; for scenery there were theatrical back-drops of moonlit gardens, tobacco fields, or pillared mansions. The reaction to that was Mr. Faulkner and a whole school of writers, and now we are in full flight from Southern gloom to novels that are attempting to reveal the real South as it is today, like Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit," or the many other serious fictional studies of racial conflict.

For some time this revolt has shown itself in another way, in humor and caricature, not only in books but in the absurd newspaper cartoons with which we are all familiar, and which seem to have stemmed straight out of "Tobacco Road." Erskine Caldwell has shown this transition from horror and tragedy to farce in his own work, for just as "Tobacco Road" turned almost over night, on the stage, from a grim drama that might have lasted only a few nights to a bawdy satire that lives on through the years, so he has given a comic and ribald slant to Southern literature and Southern poverty.

This is too solemn and lengthy a prologue for George Sessions Perry's "Hackberry Cavalier," a light-hearted and gay book filled with the strange and hilarious antics of poor-white trash who don't seem to know or care that they are supposed to be miserable and frustrated. His stories center about the adventures of young Edgar Selfridge, nephew of the cold-hearted banker of a small Texas town. Edgar is a "do-gooder" who wanders around in the bayous and swamps trying to straighten out the affairs of the bare-footed and penniless dwellers in rickety old shacks and the tenants of barren little farms. It is perhaps justified because Mr. Perry is a serious writer who knows a great deal about the South and especially his own corner of Texas, and it was something of an inspiration for him to discover some years ago that these half-starved, primitive, and outwardly tragic people could easily be treated humorously, hookworms, rickets and all, and could be stereotyped into a form and shape agreeable to the readers of our most popular magazines. Here is pappy, lean from malnutrition and an assortment of germs, grandma, toothless and randy, the ripe and succulent gals and their bony and awkward swains, right out of the comics, along with their beloved hound dogs who seem to be of more value in dollars on the hoof, and to have more sense, than their ragged masters, who fish and hunt, make love, dance, and holler for the very joy of being alive.

Through the medium of Edgar, the swamp-land Robin Hood, their feuds and troubles and absurd dilemmas are always patched up to give every story a happy ending. Mr. Perry has found a way to reveal his deep sympathy and understanding of the real natures of his neighbors. He has added, for the sake of the book, enough connective tissue to his popular stories so that "Hackberry Cavalier" becomes a picturesque novel, packed full of fun for everybody, in some sense a real addition to American folk-lore. It is to be hoped that Mr. Perry can stop reporting the war for a time and prove again that he is becoming a genuinely and creatively humorous writer.

Frontier Story

BOUGHS BEND OVER. By Maida Parlow French. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

AS a historical novel this could be almost any of the historical novels about polite people going out into almost any wilderness and having a pretty bad time of it and then getting some crops in and deciding they liked the new place. Actually, the book is a good mystery story disguised with Indians and spinning wheels and some authentic names of historical record, now and then.

The book is set in a Loyalist settlement in wilderness Canada. On the morning after landing, one of the principal ladies loses her little son and becomes, as far as this reviewer is concerned, a highly objectionable low-grade moron, who will not do her work, love her husband, or nurse her new little girl. The remaining characters, objectionable or otherwise, are interestingly assorted and drawn.

The usual seasonal changes occur, furnishing the settlers alternating charm and vicissitude. The book is a moderately good short mystery drama, somewhat expanded with matters of frontier technique.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MUSIC IN POETRY

In certain well-known poems, music is mentioned, either vocal or instrumental. Miss Leah Bodine Drake, of the *Evansville* (Indiana) *Courier*, asks you to identify either the musician or the instrument in the quotations below, as well as the title and author of each poem. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. His piano-playing made one think of hunger and night and the stars.
2. This person sang of old, unhappy, far-off things.
3. This instrument gives the world a glimpse of all the colors it forgets.
4. These people came with a noise like tambourines.
5. He went piping songs of pleasant glee.
6. It sang within the bloody wood when Agamemnon cried aloud.
7. His voice was soft as a bubble sung out of a linnet's lung.
8. This person's song was heard by reapers, reaping early among the bearded barley.
9. None sang so wildly well.
10. She'd git 'er little banjo and she'd sing, "Kulla-lo-lo."
11. These played the "Treues Liebes Herz" of Strauss.
12. She had a voice like the voice the stars had when they sang together.
13. This instrument swells no more to chiefs and ladies bright.
14. He sings his song twice over.
15. On her dulcimer she played, singing of Mount Abora.
16. This one sang to a light guitar.
17. Sidelong she would bend and sing a faery's song.
18. This sang like the sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass.
19. They beat softly through the silence on a golden road.
20. He had a long catalogue of ballads, songs, and snatches.

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New SCRIBNER Books

The Proud People
By KYLE CRICHTON

The lively and dramatic story of the Esquivel family of Albuquerque, New Mexico—"a remarkable clan, vital, warm-blooded, talented and appealing"—and their difficulties with the condescending "Anglos." "Mr. Crichton writes knowingly and sympathetically of these Americans of Spanish culture and traditions, whose roots are so deep in the Southwest . . . They are a gay, human, wholly charming family."
—*New York Times* $2.75

A Guide for the Bedevilled
By BEN HECHT

"A witty and devastating attack on the anti-Semites. It is full of flashing knives, drops of vitriol, deceptive ironies, and history turned inside out to show that anti-Semitism is and always has been the disease of a weak, a stupid, or a frightened mass.

It is going to be widely read and it will do good by its acute explanations, which will make clear to many a non-Jew what the true and despicable nature is of the malady which, like a flu germ, has made so many of his acquaintances mentally sick."
—*Henry Seidel Canby, Book-of-the-Month Club News* $2.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

Colcorton
By Edith Pope

The story of Abbey Clanghearne, who lived on a Florida coast plantation and strove to conquer the secret that threatened to ruin her life and that of her family. A stirring portrait of an undaunted woman. $2.75

★

The Apple Must Be Bitten
By Fanny Colby

A sharply characterized and swiftly moving novel of modern married life—the story of a woman's fight to retain her integrity in the midst of a group of futile, sensation hungry people. $2.50

★

The Devil and the Deep
By C. M. Dixon

A penetrating and deeply moving novel of merchant seamen in the War, and of their lives between convoys on the New York waterfront—a story "packed with tales of hazards on today's dangerous oceans."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World Telegram* $2.75

★

Treason
By Robert Gessner

A spirited novel of the American Revolution and the part played in it by Benedict Arnold. Not only a first rate historical novel but a definitive portrait of America's arch-traitor—with modern connotations. $2.75

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Cornell and the Russian Courses

A "World-Telegram" Writer Replies to Dr. Day

FREDERICK T. WOLTMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the issue of March 4, Dr. Edmund E. Day, President of Cornell University, defended his school against the *New York World-Telegram's* charge that Cornell's courses on Russia were dominated by instructors with Communist affiliations or sympathies, and that, in effect, the school was being "used" for purposes not restricted to the subject matter of the courses in question. Dr. Day stated that Cornell was not going to abandon its Russian courses, which he described as an essential subject too often sidetracked by schools as "too hot to handle"; and that, taking into consideration the serious shortage of academically accepted scholars in the field of Russian affairs, Cornell was willing to gamble on the ability of its students to be taught about a foreign government even by proponents of that government and yet retain their respect and admiration for America and American democracy.

WHILE it may be true or not, as Dr. Day remarked here two weeks ago, that a journalist "with a point to prove" is apt to deal the cards from under the table, and marked ones, too, one occasionally finds a college president who is pretty deft at handling the cards himself, particularly when he has a mythical opponent. Hence, in "So Cornell's Going Bolshevist!" or "The 'Strange' Case of the Russian Courses," the president of Cornell did manage to deal himself a string of flushes. But he was playing a straw man. And few right-thinkers would undertake to dispute the verities he set forth in that article, certainly not this writer or the *New York World-Telegram* which seems to have disturbed the quietude above Cayuga's waters.

The fact is that Dr. Day, in stating the University's position, created a set of false issues, notably academic freedom and the right, indeed obligation, of a university to tell its students something about the mysterious land of the Soviets. At no time, as a cursory reading will show, did the *World-Telegram* articles and editorials challenge those principals. No one did, so far as it can be discerned, except perhaps that "small minority" of Cornell alumni whose "adolescent minds," as Dr. Day called them, were horrified at the very thought of teaching about Russia. They, properly, are the responsibility of their alma mater.

Briefly, the articles made two points:

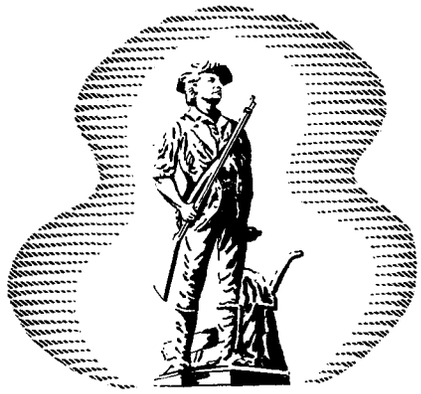
1. That a Marxist and professional American Communist propagandist, Vladimir D. Kazakevich, was giving all the Russian Area instruction (that is, the geography, history, and politics of Communism and the Soviet Union in contrast to the non-controversial language classes) to the several hundred enlisted men in the Army's Special Training Program at Cornell, men being trained for confidential work in connection with Russia.

2. That, for its new four-months' civilian study of contemporary Russia, Cornell somehow or other succeeded in assembling a faculty which represented a hierarchy of the intellectual defenders of Communism in this country and included not a single instructor known as a critic of the official Communist position here.

The articles were heavily documented and not challenged as to content. So meticulous was the newspaper's preliminary investigation that this writer went through two years of the Communist Russian language daily, *Russky Golos*, for which Dr. Kazakevich wrote. Translations showed that the columnist wrote extensively against this country's international and defense policies during the Hitler-Stalin pact; attacked the President's defense budget in 1940 as threatening "financial bankruptcy;" challenged selective service, and held this war to be "openly initiated and led by British imperialism" which "is more dangerous than the German" brand.

No one suggested that either the army courses or the civilian study be dropped. In fact, the *World-Telegram* editorially called both projects timely and necessary. The issues seemed just these:

Should a professional Communist propagandist, who faithfully pursued the party's deviations through its anti-aid to Britain, anti-Lend Lease, anti-draft, and anti-defense period, have a monopoly on teaching the ASTP soldiers what they ought to know about Communism, to which many were receiving their first formal introduction?



Should the extensive civilian study be limited chiefly to instructors with a distinct pro-Communist slant, plus a few neutrals? And, granting the desirability of employing men whose sympathy with the subject might have given them better access to information, is it sound pedagogy not to include at least one instructor with a critical point of view? Just one, to preserve a semblance of balance?

THE Cornell authorities themselves provided the answers, although their actions belied their words. Publicly, they defended the set-up; and Dr. Day found "an interesting timing" in the coincidental appearance of the first article on the day the Moscow conference opened, suggesting the *World-Telegram* was "fearful" of improved Soviet-American relations. (The paper, actually, while unimpressed by the vagaries of the local Communists and their soul-mates has consistently urged closer co-operation between the two countries.) While speaking thus, however, Cornell quietly set out to recruit outspoken opponents of Communism. Not one was available since, by this time, the teaching and lecture season was well under way.

The University, meanwhile, has conveniently forgotten to mention its unsuccessful effort to mend fences by hiring a conspicuous anti-Communist, possibly on the theory it might look like an admission of weakness. Instead, Dr. Day chose to maintain that, there being a shortage of Russian scholars, the capable ones are "often men who were attracted to the Communist experiment, and whose sympathy gave them access to information and experience they could not otherwise find."

"To whom then," he inquired, "should an institution in need of instructors in Russian history or economics turn? To exiles for whom Russia has become all but a foreign country? The answer is obvious. . . ." This was written, presumably, after Cornell dropped its belated bid for "exiles" such as Eastman.

Even before, as Dr. Day put it, "the attack by a strident feature writer," life in the Russian courses on Ithaca's heights was something less than "serene." In September the University found it necessary to issue a "statement of policy" warning its entire ASTP teaching staff against undermining the loyalty of the student-soldiers.

The declaration, distributed among department heads and posted on the

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bulletin board by Prof. C. W. deKiewiet, director of the Army curriculum, related to "the program of preventing controversial material to the trainees. . . ." Its one underscored passage stated: "The teaching staff has as its first responsibility the protection of the loyalty of army men."

"It is especially important," continued the pronouncement, "that serious blank spots, such as may exist in the trainees' knowledge of Russia or China or Czechoslovakia, should be reasonably corrected by providing a body of authentic knowledge and established facts." But, it went on, and here was the tip-off, "Where instructors feel that it is necessary to express burning convictions about Russia or Bagdolio or China it would only be proper to expose the personal and controversial nature of their views to their trainees and to provide the opportunity for free discussion."

This curious document, as the staff well knew, was aimed at Dr. Kazakevich. Why it was addressed to every member of the staff, raising doubts of their loyalty as American college teachers, has remained a mystery which the University sees fit to ignore so far as any public explanation is concerned. The warning would seem to suggest that the college authorities were suffering from a touch of apprehensiveness over the soundness of the controversial courses.

At length, in December, Dr. Kazakevich was let out, as the only alternative to dropping the outside lectures and writing he found necessary to supplement the rather meager ASTP salary. In his place came Dr. Joshua Kunitz and again Cornell's cloisters withstood another journalistic invasion. A former editor of the *New Masses,* the new instructor had accumulated a ten-year record in some of the country's major Communist enterprises, the *World-Telegram* pointed out. In April, 1941 he had signed the call to the Fourth Congress of the League of American Writers which subsequently told the American people that there was "an obvious identity of aims and methods between the Anglo-American war makers and their German opponents"; and denounced President Roosevelt for attempting "to drag us into the war" in "a mockery and betrayal of the American people."

This time the University meant to keep the situation well in hand. As a safeguard against propagandizing, Dr. Day told the writer, Dr. Kunitz's teachings were kept "under constant inspection" and the latter was required to put all his material in writing, submit his lectures in advance and, then, read them to the classroom, as approved. Apart from encouraging dul-

Random Thoughts of an Advertising Man

I don't really know exactly why I'm writing this copy. In fact, I don't know the purpose of this advertisement. (Sometimes a publisher asks for our advice, sometimes he even follows it . . . *sometimes!!!*)

Of course, book publishing these days is a very complicated business. What with paper rationing and shortage of help a publisher has to keep many things in mind. He can't always explain things so that they make sense to anybody else. Sometimes he asks to have an advertisement written in a certain way for reasons which are not always clear even to the man who writes them—namely yours truly.

This advertisement is a fine example. The publisher asked me to tell you about a book of poetry—the Avery Hopwood Poetry Award Winner, *Delay Is The Song* by Rosamond Haas. Unquestionably, it's a very fine book. Many of you might want to own it. But for reasons—obscure to me—the book was published in a limited edition. It's a very attractive book—well designed, beautifully printed and thoroughly oversubscribed. After all, there were only 350 copies. Maybe the publisher or some of his friends are setting up in business as rare book dealers. The chances of your getting a copy seem very poor and the chances of my wasting the money it costs to tell you this seem excellent. But, mine's not to reason why. Maybe the publisher is going to conserve some paper from other titles and print some extra copies.

Then there's another thing he wanted me to tell you. He wants you to know (I don't know if you care or not) that he has fulfilled his promise in regard to the big new printings of the two animated books, *Little Black Sambo* and *The Gingerbread Boy* which were to be ready in January. These are the books which the public ordered to the tune of 500,000 copies, of which the publisher could only supply 300,000. But just in case you think I'm telling you this to convince you to buy a copy or two, forget such sordid commercial motives. In January, these books were already spoken for and only a few lucky ones can now actually buy them from their booksellers.

The final message that the publishers wanted me to convey is this. Sometime in the late Spring, they're publishing six new animated color-toy books (Dutton Blue Book Editions): *Little Red Riding Hood; Jack and the Beanstalk; Puss in Boots; Lullaby Lyrics; The Night Before Christmas;* and *Cicero.* Unfortunately, the publisher can't get paper for more than a million assorted copies of these. They'll all be printed and then a wizard from Shangri-La is going to be called in to devise some system of rationing them to booksellers. After they're shipped, the publisher is retiring to a hide-out where angry booksellers who have been discriminated against can't find him. You see, in five weeks, the publisher has received orders for more than the million copies. Many of the biggest accounts haven't sent their orders in yet. And then there are still hundreds of smaller accounts from whom the publisher hasn't heard . . . . . .

It's amazing, to coin a fresh new advertising copy phrase. Here I've spent a good part of my life trying to cook up ideas to sell books. Now I cook up ads to tell people they probably won't be able to buy books. What's going to happen to me? Well, by the time you read this, I'll be in the Army. In fact, a gentleman with whiskers seems to be knocking at my office door right now.

I've been talking to you folks for a long time. Some of you even know me in the flesh. It's been a real pleasure and with all its headaches and assorted temperaments, the book business is a grand business full of grand people. I'll be back and the next advertisement of mine you read will probably be an urgent plea to be sure to rush right out and buy, beg, borrow, or steal that great new classic—Soandso's magnificent new novel. I'll probably mean it, too.

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ness there may be some question as to whether such a pre-censorship system tends to develop "the highest standard of knowledge available" which Dr. Day cited as the aim of a university. In the opinion of Dr. Counts, it raises other issues.

"To supervise a college professor as they are doing at Cornell, where every lecture has to be inspected," Dr. Counts declared when informed of the system, "is clearly a violation of academic freedom and sets a dangerous precedent. In any responsible institution the important thing is to select a responsible teacher and give him his classroom freedom."

Frederick T. Woltman is feature writer on the staff of the New York World-Telegram.

Working Model of Co-operation

THE AMERICAS AND TOMORROW. By Virginia Prewett. Philadelphia: The Blakiston Co. (Distributed by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York), 1944. 282 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

INTERNATIONALLY minded Americans recognized our need for close relations with Latin America long before the war. So, also, did those paradoxical fellows, the isolationists. Even when exhorting each other most mightily with "entangling alliances" or "ocean barriers," few of them were consistent enough to deny that we share common interests with the other American republics. In fact, some of the most rabid non-interventionists have been heard on more than one occasion justifying Big Sticks and Dollar Diplomats—always, of course, offering as reason that sanctimonious phrase "enlightened self-interest."

It is safe to say, then, that our national policy has, for a long time, excluded Latin America from its traditional aloofness. Miss Virginia Prewett, *The Washington Post* columnist on Latin American affairs and author of "Reportage on Mexico," has made this observation a basic assumption in her report of the growing ties of North, Middle, and South America. We can grasp something extremely significant in her comment that "we must build our foreign policy for tomorrow out of our own experience yesterday and today. Latin America has been our laboratory for active foreign policy."

Her point, too, that the republics of the New World have provided a working model of successful international coöperation is equally striking and valuable. With plans for leagues, federations, unions, etc., coming out of every armchair, it is proper to be reminded of the body of practical experience already collected in the Western hemisphere.

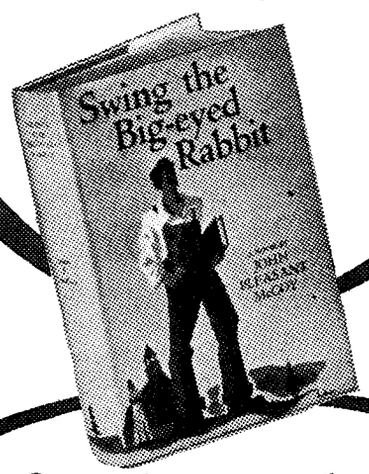
With these thoughts in mind, the author proceeds to determine by examination what form our recent experience has taken. After the inevitable but brief geographic and historical surveys of Latin America she goes on to recount the familiar but ever-interesting story of growing inter-American amity. She makes no attempt to gloss over the mistakes made by our statesmen and others both before and since the Good Neighbor Policy. At the same time, she does not ignore the positive and generous contributions which hundreds of American medical men, scholars, technicians, and others have made to the people and countries of the South. This is most heartening after the display of masochistic delight which some of the more orthodox commentators seem to take in affirming with the Axis that we have been exclusively a sinning Colossus.

The pattern she reveals of common interests, economic agreements, commercial treaties, diplomatic settlements, and joint actions, displays an interweaving most encouraging to those who fear that our inter-American front will not outlast the exigencies of war. Bolivar's fear that he had "ploughed the sea" would seem unfounded in 1944. It has taken a long time to bring us within sight of Bol-

IF YOU ENJOY ANGELA THIRKELL . . .

Lewis Gannett, reviewing SWING THE BIG-EYED RABBIT, compares it with Angela Thirkell's *Growing Up.* He says: "On the other hand, SWING THE BIG-EYED RABBIT could have been written nowhere save in America. It's Artemis' discovery of the world that gives the book its fresh and mountain-dewy character. You couldn't imagine an Artemis in Angela Thirkell's Barsetshire — and some of us like Virginia better."

John Chamberlain, in the *N. Y. Times,* says: "Told freshly, SWING THE BIG-EYED RABBIT has a song in its style . . . The story of Art's seduction by a deceptively worldly young woman is both heartbreaking and funny." $2.50



Swing the Big-eyed Rabbit

A NOVEL BY

JOHN PLEASANT McCOY

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ivar's dream of Pan-Americanism, and we have only to consult the newspaper with its threatening headlines of events in Argentina and Bolivia to realize how far we still are from his goal. But, Miss Prewett gives us cause for optimism in her analysis. In the last decade, of course, she finds the tempo of unity increasing rapidly as three major trends began to work in the Latin-American drama—the Good Neighbor Policy, a new national self-consciousness throughout Latin America, and the threat of Nazi Germany. Following these trends she traces the significant steps that were taken to promote understanding and dispel fears. Each incident or condition is examined in terms of its general relevance and importance—the Rio Conference, Lend-Lease, export-import loans, the absurdity of the Butler charges—all are here.

For the general reader desirous of a detailed but not pedantic accounting of the hundreds of pertinent facts that form the mosaic of hemispheric solidarity, this book will fill a definite need. One impatient of detail or easily dulled by statistics, might find the volume overwhelming and wish the report of particulars were complemented by a little more generalization. He might wish, too, that the author had drawn more from her first-hand experience with the peoples and places of Latin America and less from the tables and official documents. But in the light of the expressed purpose to give "a little clearer idea of how Latin America fits into our scheme of things and into our task," the book definitely comes off.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 39

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 39 will be found in the next issue.

KZ QNQZ E FQAKDRJQ EJWKIW DZQ IDFQWKFQI CKZA E JQFEJOETPQ FEZ.

—C. X. ZKQWUIRGQ.

—TQVDZA HDDA EZA QNKP.

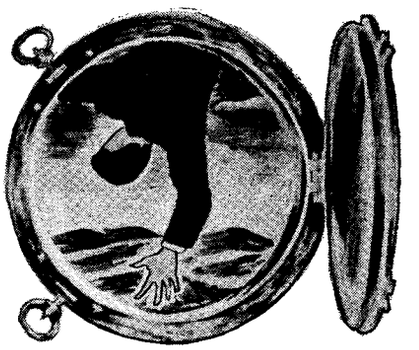
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 38

OURS IS NOT ONLY A FORTUNATE PEOPLE BUT A VERY COMMONSENSICAL PEOPLE, WITH VISION HIGH BUT THEIR FEET ON THE EARTH, WITH BELIEF IN THEMSELVES AND FAITH IN GOD.

—W. G. HARDING.

An unusual spy thriller

Embarrassment OF Riches



By MARJORIE FISCHER

A professor with more money than he can handle, a reluctant woman traveler, and some ruthless Nazi spies . . . *result:* an exciting story of an unacademic chase from New England to Mexico. *$2.00*

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Hunting for Hans in Vienna

THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR. By Stanley F. Donath. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 338 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

DURING recent years we have had a number of novels concerned with individual invasions of Hitler's Reich, the protagonists of which have ranged all the way from an elderly Jew in search of a small boy's mother to a keen-eyed sportsman, armed with a highpower rifle, on the prowl for the Fuehrer's corpse. Here is another of the kind, by Stanley F. Donath, born in Vienna, "Czechoslovakian by heritage," who now finds himself in this country writing for our most popular magazines, but who, before his short stories began to sell, supported himself and his wife by getting "employment of a kind as a counterman at the World's Fair."

It is from a counter at New York's World's Fair that Mr. Donath's hero, Jan Dvorin, a native of Moravia, starts his personal invasion of Hitler's Europe. His motive, for those who believe in the efficacy of revenge, is unquestionable. Having scrimped and saved, cent by cent, to pay his father's passage to America, he learns that his father has been shot by order of an S.S. officer named Hans Fliegl. Jan knows Fliegl—he went to school with him—and he dedicates himself to the task of tracking down and killing the Nazi murderer. Saying farewell to an adoring heiress and the prospect of a soft berth in life, he journeys to Vienna by way of Montevideo and Santander; and in Vienna he finds his man, talks with him, drinks with him. What else Jan does is Mr. Donath's story and his business. How he tells his story is our business.

He tells much of it well enough to make one regret that he does not tell all of it better. He is good at incident, good on occasion at getting past a given point with a minimum of effort, although at other times he bogs down; and, having seen and heard and touched and smelled his world with lively senses, he knows how to put sensations into words. But his parts are better than the whole, and, in the kind of novel in which pace matters tremendously, his pace is uneven. Then, too, there are his women. Froude wrote that "It would have been well for Henry VIII if he had lived in a world in which women could have been dispensed with; so ill, in all his relations with them, he succeeded." On a less conspicuous stage than Henry's, Mr. Donath suffers from the same misfortune. Kathrin O'Brien, his Long Island heiress, simply does not exist; and Liza Dzershavin is nothing better than a stand-in for a Hemingway heroine. Because of such shortcomings, this story of a man-hunt moves on a detective-story level, despite its philosophical passages, which, by the way, after all their words, leave the reader in doubt as to the author's final judgment of his hero.

However, there is action here, there is adventure, there are pages with which to pass an hour or two; and there is considerable talent, backed by a masculine intelligence. Were the partial success less, the partial failure would not merit comment. Incidentally, when Hollywood films the story it will be far less coy than is Mr. Donath regarding the fact that boy finally gets girl.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
IT'S MY OWN FUNERAL *Dana Lyon* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Californian who took prison rap for worthless wife gets private dick job that turns up extraordinary racket.	Tough—and not too credible—yarn about an unusually clever criminal gang. Full of action and surprises.	Average
BEYOND THE DARK *Kieran Abbey* (Scribner: $2.)	Young Manhattan couple incur suspicion of both police and criminal group and have tough time eluding both.	Swiftly paced adventure-espionage yarn with murderous episodes, romantic overtones, and plenty of suspense.	Good grade
CASE OF THE GIANT KILLER *H. C. Branson* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	John Bent, called in to investigate death of small-town businessman, runs into plot with terrifying ramifications.	Shrewd detecting, ample action, interesting group of characters, and finish that packs real punch.	Rewarding

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The Great Overfed

THE FACE IN THE ASPIC: Tales of Club Life Among the Overfed. By Thomas Mario. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 194 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JULIAN STREET

THE author is described by his publishers as a young American, the executive chef and maître d'hotel of a luxurious New York club, and his book is described as a report of the upstairs, downstairs, and backstairs life of the establishment, done "in a style compounded of malice, wit, and dead-panned wonder." We are told that the book is "HILARIOUS" (their caps), that it has been called "the rich man's 'Grapes of Wrath'"; Peter Arno is alluded to in a manner not unflattering to Mr. Mario, and if Ludwig Bemelmans goes unmentioned the subject matter and the title inevitably bring him to mind.

This sort of advance billing is not easily lived up to. In the present reviewer it created a keen appetite for Mr. Mario's aspic, and when the aspic turned out to taste like ordinary gelatin, he was not only disappointed, but was so irritated that the danger now is that he may fail to give Mr. Mario his due. The reviewer remembers that when reading the book he found himself chuckling now and then. Some of the author's characterizations and situations are bizarre and even comic, but usually one feels him straining, and one cannot believe that the figures he attacks are much more than fat old dummies stuffed with excelsior.

In this book Mr. Mario attempted something very difficult. He set out to write of stupid people without himself sounding stupid. Many a better man has fallen down on that before. Moreover, his kind of stupid people are passé and of no consequence. And worst of all, perhaps, they have already been dealt with by Mr. Arno and Mr. Bemelmans with such brilliance that any one else invading this field invites comparisons which are almost certain to be unfavorable.

One perceives clearly that Mr. Mario is a great admirer of Mr. Bemelmans, a sentiment that does him credit. Had his admiration been more judicious he would have realized that only Bemelmans can write Bemelmans.

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➡ SATURDAY REVIEW: "Excellent combination of romance, excitement and shrewd sleuthing. Grade A."

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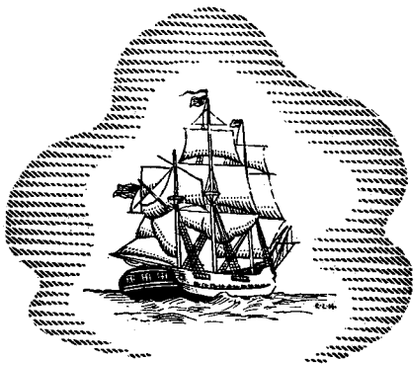
The Phoenix Nest

I HAVE seen a fine film in a preview, a moving (in two senses) picture presented by the War Department, and made by the Special Coverage Section, United States Army Signal Corps, under the supervision of Colonel Frank Capra. It was directed by Captain Stuart Heisler and written and narrated by Carlton Moss, with music by Dimitri Tiomin. It is called "The Negro Soldier."

I certainly hope it receives the widest possible distribution. It is the story of the participation of Negro Americans in the various wars engaged in by the United States. It traces the role of the Negro from Crispus Attucks, the hero of the Boston Massacre, to Robert Brooks, the first American soldier of the Armored Forces to die in this war. You see the Negro Minute Men at Lexington and Concord, Peter Salem, the hero of Bunker Hill, Prince Whipple, who was with Washington crossing the Delaware, hundreds of Negro patriots at Valley Forge, Negro sailors with Perry at Lake Erie; Negro soldiers with Jackson at New Orleans; the famous volunteer 54th Massachusetts in the Civil War; the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry at San Juan Hill; the pioneer regiments and labor battalions of the First World War, the 371st Infantry, the 372nd, and the 369th, and Roberts and Johnson, winners of the Croix de Guerre. A proud record, the splendid fire of faith burning in Negro America! Ten per cent of our Manpower; thirteen million of our People; those we reward with a Southern Legislature's howl of "White Supremacy!" with a Southern Representative's agitated suppression of the Public Affairs Committee's fair-minded pamphlet, "The Races of Mankind." But there is nothing controversial in this film, the bare facts merely, the story of idealism, good-will, and patriotism on the part of our darker brothers; the story



of their part in making these United States the Country of the Free! The story is told through an enlisted man, who is followed through his basic training. An absorbing, inspiring story, a story that started tears from me that were and are entirely unashamed. And incidentally the work that has been done by Army Films for War Industry is remarkable in its truth and power!

A recent report by Hanson Baldwin, in the *Times*, that many of our soldiers abroad had never been properly instructed, in their start as soldiers, as to the reasons for this war, or given any background as to why the United States was fighting the war, seems to reflect very greatly upon the conduct of affairs in our democratic Army. I wonder when we will learn that ethical instruction and political instruction, in the largest sense, are absolute necessities to men of a country such as ours, in war or in peace? The British have done much better than we. The Russians, though natively fighters for their homeland, have benefitted hugely by the inspiring solidarity of their political and economic faith. Many American boys in combat are ready and brave enough, but bewildered in their private souls as to why they are in the war. This is because we have not had the intelligence and the sheer moral courage to declare our full faith in democracy at all times, to make clear as crystal those things we think of good report and those things we feel to be evil, for and in the family of nations. Nothing could be more important to our fighting morale than a clear and thorough review of what Hitler did in Europe, what the Military Caste did in Japan, and to China, and what happened to Italy (and other lands) under Mussolini. There should have been a trained corps of publicists from the beginning giving short, hard-hitting lectures in every cantonment and camp. And not narrowminded, bigoted, bloodthirsty ranters, either—but men the American men could instinctively feel were giving them the straight goods. This work could have been highly organized; it should have been organized.

But it is part and parcel of our educational system, which is the most important thing in the world to us as a nation, and which we allow to be bulldozed and warped by politicians, pressure-groups, and the press, by ignorant and highly prejudiced alumni and boards of directors, by career-bigots, by bought journalists. Nothing should be of higher civic worth than the role of educator. It should not be a heavy labor relegated to hacks in many instances, paid with a pittance, regarded as the cloud-walking of absent-minded professors, to whom a "real live wire" of a stout advertising man, with a couple of big corporation accounts under his belt, is infinitely superior! But there I go again, on a subject I can't be calm about!

Apropos of education, I have to thank the Canadian poet, Arthur Stringer, (of Mountain Lakes, N. J.—American by adoption these many years) for the following good poem which he has kindly contributed:

AN OLD EDITOR IS REMEMBERED

While others built their wordy towers of dream
And made your old world over, ream by ream,
Competing for the crown of speech and song,
Impatient still to right each ancient wrong—
While others came and fought their clamorous way
Up to the peak of their too vocal day,
You smiled condoningly and sat discreet,

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 520)

EDWIN J. PRATT:
SEA VARIATIONS
(CANADIAN POET)

O wild, tumultous sea!
. . . . . .
How like a Pontiff dost thou lie at last,
Impassive, robed at Death's high-unctioned hour
With those gray vestments that the storm,
In the dread legacy of its power,
Around thy level form
Majestically has cast!

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Untouched by their too momentary heat.
You sat remote, and saw them come and go,
The eager ones, importunate to show
How this mad world must be amended, how
The time-worn order to the young must bow.
Compassionate and quick to find the phrase
That drained all bitterness from your dispraise,
You still astutely through the dust discerned
The far-off end, the goal as yet unearned;
And keen to sense the aim through clouded strife
You seldom failed to fan to brighter life
The feebler ember that withheld the flame.
You saw them swarm the heights and make their name,
Those climbers you once captained and had seen
So eager for the laurel's transient green;
But you achieved where they were doomed to fail,
For you who conquered without plume or mail
Or trumpet-flare, found no lost fields to mourn
And no sad Caesar's crown you might have worn.
You knew your course; the goal you set was not
Mere speech, but more the marshalling of thought,
And more than being cool and poniard-true
And sabre-straight brought life's reward to you
Who played the humbler role, the happier part,
The background comrade with the kindly heart.
You were the patient shepherd, not the flock,
The hand behind the mallet-stroke, the rock
About whose feet the changing breakers ran.
You kept intact our godlier faith in man,
And we, whom you befriended, we who found
Your silence worthier than all our sound,
Pass proudly on this message, whispered low:
Here stood a man true men were glad to know!

Mr. Stringer says that he leaves to me the identity of the original. What would your guesses be, gentle readers?

Mrs. Helen Ochsen Lirt of Pittsburgh writes:

> The question submitted by Professor E. O. James which refers to Mark Twain's comments on the essays read at the commencement exercises of the Young Ladies Seminary at Benicia might be answered from "Tom Sawyer."
>
> In chapter twenty-one he gives the account of the closing exercises of the school and he says "The prime feature of the evening was now in order—original compositions by the young ladies." To those "compositions," their titles, their substance, and "the inveterate and intolerable sermon that wagged its crippled tail at the end of each and every one of them" he devotes almost a third of the chapter. Having, myself, grown up in a town where the "Washington Female Seminary" was the finishing school for all young ladies of the town and surrounding district, I know his description of the commencement essays was taken from life. "Tom Sawyer" was published in 1876 and the visit to Benicia was in 1868. Could be.

Did you know that many people in this world have actually been named Devil! There was Rogerius Diabolus, Lord of Motresor; an English monk also named Diabolus; a Lord of Lusignan called Hughes le Diable; the famous Duke Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, who was surnamed The Devil. In Sweden and Norway there have been families named Trolle (English: Devil) and the coat-of-arms of every branch of these families had the Devil as an emblem. In Utrecht there was once a family named Teufel, in Brittany another named Diable, and so on. Today we can think of certain totalitarian figures that might well merit the name, though they do not bear it!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. The stranger, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Robert W. Service.
2. The Highland lass, in "The Solitary Reaper," by Wordsworth.
3. "The Barrel Organ," by Alfred Noyes.
4. The Byzantines, in "Peter Quince at the Clavier," by Wallace Stevens.
5. The poet, in "Songs of Innocence," by William Blake.
6. The nightingale, in "Sweeny Among the Nightingales," by T. S. Eliot.
7. Satan's voice, in "Eve," by Ralph Hodgson.
8. "The Lady of Shalott," by Alfred Tennyson.
9. "Israfel," by Edgar Allan Poe.
10. Supiyawlat, in "Mandalay," by Rudyard Kipling.
11. The loud musicians, in "The Harlot's House," by Oscar Wilde.
12. "The Blessed Damozel," by Rossetti.
13. Tara's harp, in "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," by Thomas Moore.
14. The thrush, in "Home Thoughts From Abroad," by Browning.
15. An Abyssinian maid, in "Kublai Khan," by Coleridge.
16. The Owl, in "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," by Edward Lear.
17. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," by Keats.
18. "The Skylark," by Shelley.
19. The camel-bells, in "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," by James Elroy Flecker.
20. Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WOMAN, mature, would enjoy casual correspondence with New York Stater who likes theater, books, music, dancing, laughing. Box 225-J.

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(*Continued on page* 30)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 29*)

PETER V. K.: Your draft classification has been reviewed. Return at once. Why haven't you left any forwarding address? Hope you see this. Your DARLING LITTLE DINKY.

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The Crostics Club

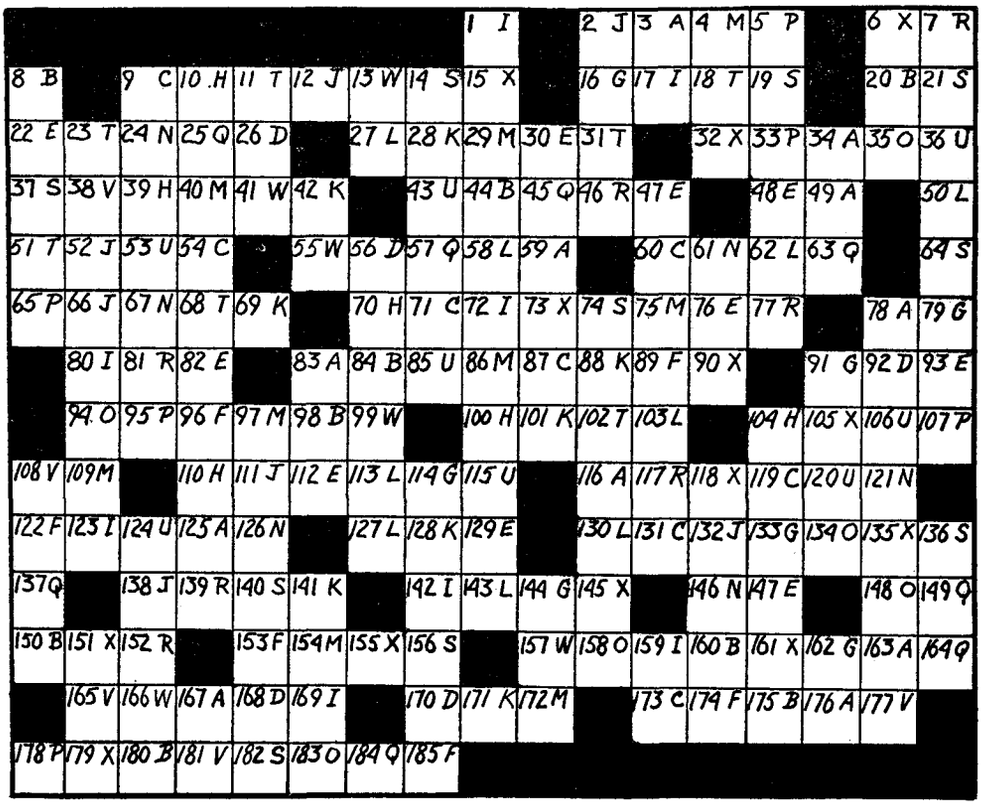
WE are indebted to Edward Weiler, New York, newcomer to DCs but alert in our interests, to calling our attention to a most artistic kodachrome—page 104—in the March *Harper's Bazaar* (to which his wife subscribes, bearing the citation, "Dressed up at ease for dinner in pajamas, gold-belted, gold-buttoned, of spun rayon with the texture of linen. Tailoring trim, grooming immaculate—the only way to wear pajamas with distinction. About $90. Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure by Leonce. Yardley's Cherry lipstick. Chaise from Carole Stupell." While its elements may be outside my pale, the daintily sketched *SRL*, in the corner of the picture opened to a recent DC, crossed by a pencil, as if set down while the model lighted her cigarette, is not. I suspect Frances McFadden, Managing Editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, long a DCer, for that last touch, which of course pleases us immensely; for, as Mr. Weiler notes, it is good to see brains and the fashion élite in such harmony!

Mrs. T. W. Todd, Palo Alto, after an exhilarating tussle with DC No. 514, commenting on new words acquired, warns that the Russian cabbage soup, *stchi*, looks too indigestible, as if it held, besides cabbage, turnips, onions, rutabagae and such, for me to eat and continue making DCs. Yet it is classic enough to make the editorial page of *The New York Times* from which I culled it for your delight!

Cornelia Raymond, octogenarian daughter of Vassar's first President, and now Historian of the College, from the college infirmary whither she was taken with a broken left arm, writes of her joy on receipt of Series No. 15 to relieve her pain, but particularly in confirmation of our Crostic Club as a bond among us. For at Xmas came a card from a student of generations ago from whom she had never since heard: "Several months ago I accidentally formed the DC habit from the *SRL* and one day I saw a little story about you. From the description I knew it must be *you*. . . . I was not much to remember for I could be seen only through a mist of homesick tears that certainly couldn't be expected to make for happy memories. But my memories of you are all happy ones, for you were always kind. I am 72 years old and was a teacher for thirty years myself."

Mrs. Robert R. Service, Claremont, Calif., sends a cheering report of the acquisition of a "lovely India paper edition of WNI" just for DCing, as the Japs in China have her reference books and she is tired of struggling without them. You may recall that it was she who from a sick bed two years ago, looking forward to doing DCs once more, wrote that she'd rather have a ricketty heart than softening of the brain. I have since come upon a letter from her from China in '34.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 521

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 28 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Late afternoon social functions (2 wds.)

B. Forces of the Revolutionary party in Russia, Hungary, etc. (2 wds.)

C. Omnipotent (with *The*).

D. Stool pigeons (slang).

E. Heavy Blucher shoes with gussets and laces.

F. Initiates into highest grade of Eleusian Mysteries.

G. Applied to Venice as to its origin (comp.)

H. Noisy quarrels.

I. Speculative thought.

J. Confusing or muddling.

K. Sister college of Wellesley near Pepin, China.

L. Party holding evangelical views in the Anglican Communion (2 wds.)

M. Extremely timid.

N. Poem in 6 cantos by Scott (1813).

O. The science of light as related to the organs of vision.

P. American author (1870-); recent Governor of Porto Rico.

Q. Becomes less; falls away.

R. Hebrew term for modern Christian ministers; also for medieval priests.

S. Witnesses on oath.

T. An affection of the leaves of plants like tea (2 wds.)

U. Abides in a place; depends on (2 wds.)

V. Room for pitchers, linen, etc., in large households (English royalty).

W. Seized suddenly.

X. Participants in the action of the Southern States—1860-61.

WORDS

49 78 116 163 3 83 167 34 125 59 176

84 98 8 20 150 44 180 160 175

131 71 173 87 9 60 119 54

92 170 56 168 26

112 22 147 82 93 76 48 30 129 47

89 153 174 96 122 185

144 114 91 16 133 162 79

70 39 10 100 110 104

80 123 17 72 159 1 169 142

66 52 12 2 111 132 138

69 141 171 88 28 101 128 42

62 127 27 130 103 143 50 58 113

75 4 29 109 97 154 86 40 172

67 61 126 24 146 121

158 134 94 35 183 148

33 95 107 5 178 65

63 149 57 25 137 45 184 164

152 139 7 46 117 81 77

21 37 156 136 64 19 182 14 140 74

11 31 23 68 51 18 102

53 43 85 106 120 36 124 115

38 165 108 181 177

41 166 157 55 13 99

155 179 32 161 15 73 105 6 151 135 90 145 118

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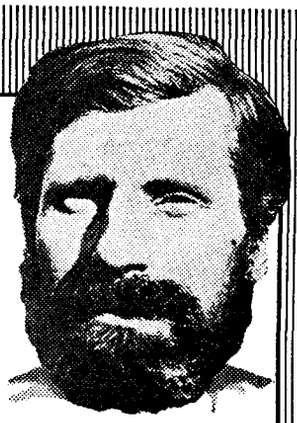

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